

1½d.

Daily Mirror

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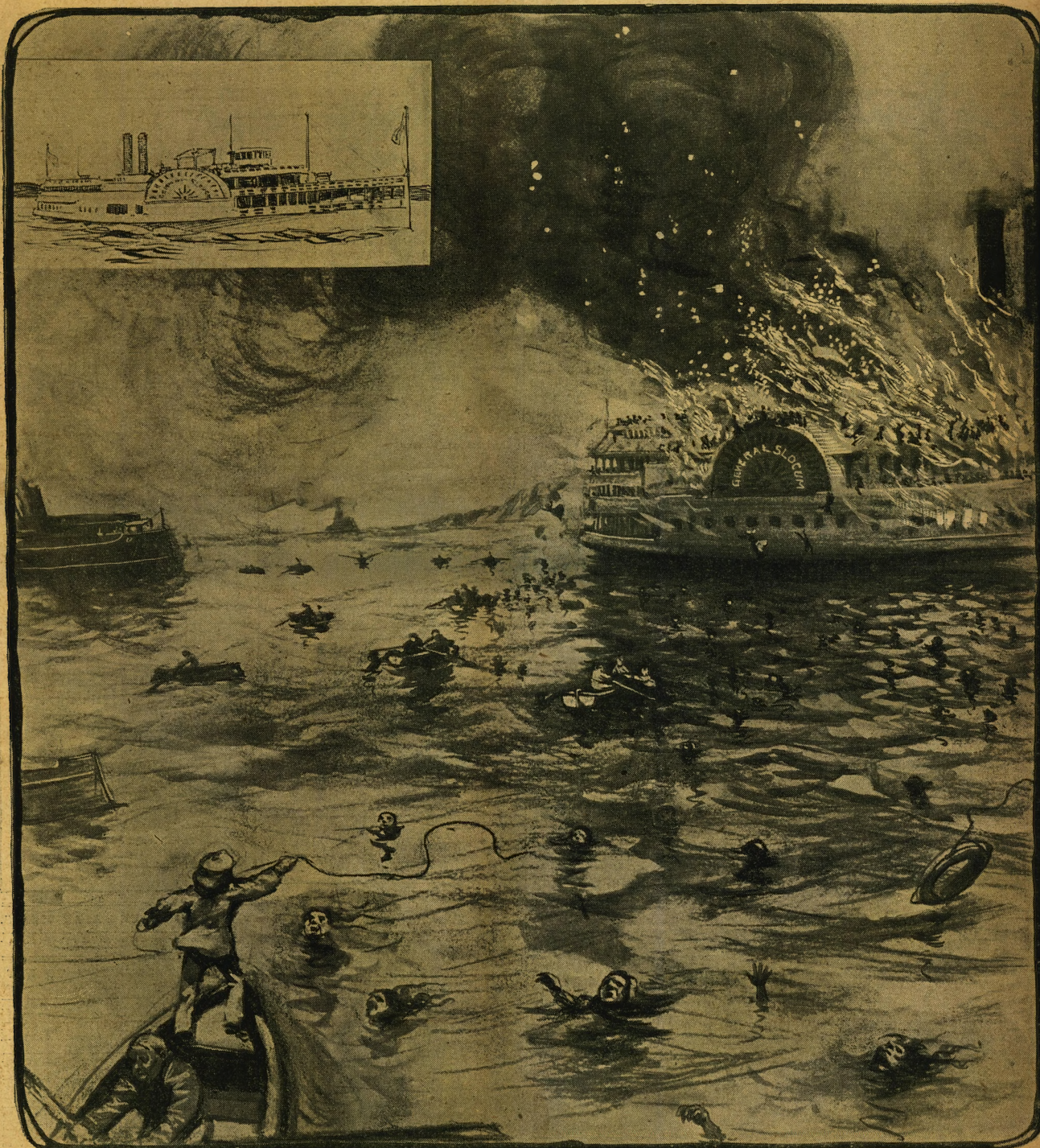
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FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE BURNING OF THE GENERAL SLOCUM—1,000 LIVES LOST.



As the General Slocum, an excursion steamer, was passing through Hell Gate, in East River, New York, with 1,600 excursionists on board, she was discovered to be on fire. Hemmed in by the rocks, the captain was unable to turn his vessel, and was forced to rush ahead at full speed, with fire bursting through the decks. Over one thousand lives were lost, and when eventually beached the paddle wheels were clogged with burned bodies. The bodies of 485 victims, nearly all women and children, have been recovered. Many of them are unrecognisable. At the left-hand corner is a drawing of the General Slocum from a photograph.

BATTY'S NABOB SAUCE

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

JAPAN SUFFERS TERRIBLE LOSS.

Skrydloff's Cruisers Sink
Two Laden Transports.

ONLY 550 SURVIVORS.

Five Thousand Troops Sent to
Sudden Death.

GREAT JAPANESE VICTORY.

Russia Loses Fourteen Guns,
Twenty Officers, 800 Men,
and a Strong Position.

Although there is an unconfirmed report that the three Russian cruisers which escaped from Vladivostok have been captured by Admiral Kamimura, it is certain that they have sunk two Japanese transports. Of the crews only 550 survivors have landed, and if the vessels carried their full complements of 3,000 men each, there has probably been an appalling loss of life. According to the latest accounts, the Russian squadron was engaged yesterday with Admiral Togo's ships.

Near Port Arthur several engagements are reported, and the Japanese are said to be almost in the city.

TRANSPORTS SUNK.

Feared Appalling Loss of Japanese
Troops.

Admiral Skrydloff, with the three Russian warships, has attacked and apparently sunk two Japanese transports, from which only 550 survivors have escaped. How this was effected the following telegrams show:—

Tokio, Thursday.

The transport Hino Maru, which has returned to Moji, reports that at 11.30 yesterday she encountered a Russian squadron near Iikishima.

She immediately signalled a warning to four other transports, and two, the Kanagawa Maru and the Kuri Maru, along with the Hino Maru, succeeded in escaping.

The Hino Maru saw the Hitachi Maru and the Sado Maru surrounded by the Russian ships.—Reuter's Special Service.

Tokio, Thursday.

All doubt as to the sinking of the Japanese transports Hitachi Maru and Sado Maru has been removed, 397 survivors of the Hitachi Maru having arrived at Moji and 153 of the Sado Maru at Kokura.—Reuter.

It is not known whether the transports carried a full complement of troops, which would be about 3,000 in each vessel. If they did the loss of life may amount to 5,500 men.

SUNK BY TORPEDOES.

Tokio, Thursday.

Survivors of the Japanese transports Sado Maru and Hitachi Maru state that the vessels were sunk by torpedoes.—Reuter.

Tokio, Thursday.

There are indications that the Russian squadron is moving to the east. This increases the chances of an open sea engagement.

The Japanese are keenly pursuing the Russians, and are eager for the fight.—Reuter's Special Service.

STEAMER'S LUCKY ESCAPE.

Other accounts state that heavy cannonading was heard off Iki Island on Wednesday afternoon, and many vessels have been fired upon by the Russian cruisers; some have safely reached port.

One vessel, the Ogu Maru, was struck by fifteen shells, but she escaped to Iki Island.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT REPORTED.

Paris, Thursday.

A message from St. Petersburg says it is rumoured that Admiral Skrydloff and his vessels are engaged with Admiral Togo's forces.—Reuter.

REPORTED CAPTURE BY KAMIMURA.

Cologne, Thursday.

The "Koenliche Zeitung" publishes the following telegram from Tokio, dated yesterday:—

"Three Russian warships, which were engaged in the Tushima Straits and probably belonged to the Vladivostok squadron, have been captured by Admiral Kamimura."—Reuter.

This report lacks confirmation.

RELIEF FORCE ROUTED.

Kuroki's Army Scores a Brilliant
Victory.

PORT ARTHUR'S FORLORN HOPE
DEFEATED.

The Russian column dispatched to the relief of Port Arthur has met with a serious defeat at Wa-fang-tien, about twelve miles north of Port Adams. After fierce fighting, in which the Japanese casualties numbered 1,000, the Japanese captured Telissa, between Kaichau (Kaiping) and Port Adams, and also fourteen guns. The Russians lost 500 killed and 300 were taken prisoners. The remaining Russian forces are in danger of being attacked in the rear by Kuroki's troops, and fighting was renewed yesterday.

FIERCE FIGHTING.

Tokio, Thursday.

The Japanese have captured Telissa. The Russians left 500 killed and had 300 men taken prisoners, and lost fourteen guns at Telissa. The Japanese casualties were 1,000.—Reuter. Telissa is midway between Kaichau (Kaiping) and Pulantien (Port Adams), and governs the roads from the north to Port Arthur and Takushan, in Korea Bay. Fu-chau is about seventy miles north of Port Arthur, and about twenty miles north-west of Wa-fang-tien.

RUSSIANS' CRITICAL POSITION.

NEWCHWANG, Thursday.

The second division of General Kuroki's army is reported to be marching towards Kaichau (Kaiping) for the purpose of taking the enemy in the rear.

The Russian force is estimated at 35,000.—Reuter's Special Service.

FIGHTING CONTINUED.

Paris, Thursday.

The "Petit Journal" publishes the following telegram from St. Petersburg:—

"Private telegrams to headquarters state that the battle south of Wafangkuan, which began yesterday, is being continued to-day."—Reuter.

RUSSIAN BRAVERY.

At St. Petersburg the following account of the fighting has been received:—

"The end of June 14 will remain for ever in our military annals. The enemy, spoiled by success, assailed our left flank with two divisions and batteries of 6in. guns.

"A succession of furious attacks were repelled by our gallant troops, who did not at any point yield an inch of ground in spite of their heavy losses. The fourth battery lost many gunners, but did not waver.

"Generals Geragos and Rontkovsky were killed, but remained on the field. Colonel Khvastounoff, commanding the first regiment, was killed.

"Our guns were served superbly, paralysing the attack of the Japanese infantry, and causing their batteries to recoil.

"The soldiers of the Siberian Rifle Regiments behaved magnificently. All were full of enthusiasm, and we expect that to-morrow's fight will likewise add a fresh page to the Russian Army's record of heroism and devotion."—Reuter.

PORT ARTHUR.

Japanese Reported To Be Almost in
the City.

NEWCHWANG, Thursday.

There are rumours of fighting round Port Arthur, with the Japanese almost in the city.—Reuter's Special Service.

RUSSIAN WARSHIP ACTIVE.

Rome, Thursday.

A dispatch from Tokio reports that a Russian squadron, which included the cruiser Novik, has destroyed the whole of the preparations made by the Japanese for landing troops and war materials near Lung-wang-tung, for an attack on Port Arthur from the East.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

100,000 JAPANESE TO ATTACK.

CHIFU, Thursday.

The Japanese had 60,000 men in the Liao-tung Peninsula ten days ago.

It is believed that the Japanese intend using 100,000 men in the final attack on Port Arthur, and it may possibly be a fortnight before they are ready.—Reuter's Special Service.

BABY BOY ABANDONED.

At Bury St. Edmund's railway station yesterday morning a baby boy, two months old, was discovered lustily shouting in an otherwise empty railway carriage. It was wrapped in a shawl, and had a feeding-bottle filled with milk tied round its neck. The youngster had evidently been abandoned, and was sent to the workhouse.

HELL-GATE DEATH ROLL.

One Thousand Victims of the
Pleasure Steamer Fire.

Four hundred and eighty-five bodies, charred to such an extent that few were recognisable, lay in three parallel rows yesterday along the entire length—150 feet—of East Twenty-sixth-street Pier, New York.

Hell Gate, in East River, had delivered up a part of its ghastly burden—the victims of the fire on the General Slocum.

The Coroner's officer, the Chief of the Fire Department, and the police are now agreed that the total loss of life is approximately one thousand persons.

People are demanding to know why the captain of the General Slocum did not head for the nearest land, but Captain Vanschaick replies that it would have been impossible to land nearer than North Brothers Island, as that was the nearest shallow water.

The ship would have sunk, he says, if he had waited to land in deep water, and there would have been even greater loss of life. Rock the line shore until North Brothers Island is reached.

DEEDS OF HEROISM.

One Man Throws 28 Children
Into a Net.

Countless stories of magnificent heroism on the part both to land and rescuers on land are being related. In many instances men who tried to save women and girls were dragged to the bottom by those they sought to rescue. Besides doctors, nurses, and others from the hospital on North Brothers Island, even patients joined in the rescue work.

Ignoring danger, rescue boats took courses that had never been hazarded in the neighbourhood of Hell Gate before. One of these parties of rescuers saw a man of exceptionally fine physique standing on the starboard paddle-wheel box of the burning boat.

As they lay alongside he threw twenty-eight children in succession into a net which the occupants of the boat held out to receive them. Then he fell backwards into the flaming pit below the battery-wheel.

In contrast to the many fine examples of heroism it is reported that some men in a boat took a half-drowning woman from the water, only to rob her of her jewellery and throw her back into the water. She was picked up, however, by the occupants of another boat, and was revived.

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY.

The General Slocum was licensed to carry 2,500 passengers, and it is believed that there were about 1,000 persons on board when the disaster occurred. In the total number of excursionists there were not more than 100 men.

President Roosevelt has sent a telegram of sympathy to Mr. Haas, the pastor of St. Mark's German Lutheran Church, from which passengers on the General Slocum on Wednesday were practically all drawn, the occasion being the annual Sunday excursion.

President Loubet also yesterday sent Mr. Roosevelt a telegram of condolence at the catastrophe.

Almost without exception the German families in the area from which the congregation of Pastor Haas's church was drawn have been plunged into mourning.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE.

Locust Grove is one of the many popular picnic resorts on Long Island Sound.

The secretary of the Carnegie Hero Fund has been instructed by the commission of the fund to investigate the cases of rescue.

The band on board did their best to allay the panic. They continued playing the latest popular airs, until they were half choking with smoke.

Divers were at work all Wednesday night getting the bodies out from the wreck of the steamer.

Altogether a sum of £40,000 has been found on the bodies that have been recovered.

One man on board tried to save the life of a lifebelt before he found one in serviceable condition.

In one case a girl two years old, saved by her nurse, and a girl of twelve, is the only one rescued of a family of ten.

DIAMOND TIARA VANISHES.

Baroness Leonino, daughter of Baron Rothschild, has lost a diamond crown worth 50,000 francs in a remarkable manner.

On Wednesday evening she was driving along the Avenue Victor Hugo, in Paris, attired in ball toilet.

The carriage collided with a tramcar, and the Baroness jumped out, escaping without injury. In the confusion, however, the tiara vanished, and all efforts to trace it have been fruitless.

CORNISH MURDERER FOUND DEAD.

Berryman's Body Discovered in
Three Feet of Water.

The mystery of the cruel murder of Jessie Rickard, the young Cornish girl, who was shot at Castle-an-Dinas last Saturday, is now solved.

The body of Charles Berryman, the young man who was last seen with her, has been discovered lying in three feet of water near the spot where the girl's body was found.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the searchers made the discovery that has so long been sought for.

Yesterday's investigations deepened the horror surrounding the tragic death of Jessie Rickard.

The police made public their view of the exact fashion in which the murder was committed, and it adds to the horror which the crime originally inspired.

There were no signs of a struggle near the spot where the body was found. The girl was discovered lying on her back with her hands folded peacefully on her breast, and the revolver had obviously been fired close to her face, for her features and hair were scorched and blackened by the powder.

Therefore, say the police, it seems probable that the murderer shot at her as he held her in his arms, and once death had come to the girl he laid the body gently on the grass.

But this theory only makes the crime seem still more brutal and incomprehensible. Such brutality is well-nigh incredible, and it seemed impossible that the quiet, young fellow whose strange disappearance was one of the most mysterious features of the case, could have done such a thing.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

Holiday-makers Dragged from
Death Up Ilfracombe Cliffs.

Cut off by the tide beneath the giant cliffs on the wild North Devonshire coast four holiday-makers and a local clergyman have had a thrilling escape from death.

From Lee Bay to Ilfracombe stretches a towering wall of cliffs, from 500ft. to 600ft. in height. Along the rocky strand at their feet a party of five, the Rev. F. Carmichael, vicar of Lee, Major and Mrs. Stalwall, of London, and Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, of Godstone, Surrey, were walking, when they found the rising sea barring further progress.

Alarmed, they hastily turned to retreat, only to find that escape was cut off. The western gale, which often happens, had piled up the angry water in the Bristol Channel, and their clergyman guide's calculations were at fault.

CLIFF 500 FEET HIGH.

The vicar and Mr. Chapman started to climb the heeling cliff, which at Low Tide was 500 feet high, but they were caught, is about five hundred feet high, Major Stalwall meanwhile helping the ladies to climb a rock at its base, which for the time being was above the surface of the water.

The vicar reached a height of 300ft. in his dizzy climb and then was seized with cramp, and unable to move up or down, clung helplessly to a ledge.

Mr. Chapman climbed still higher, and though much exhausted, with torn clothes, and covered with dirt, he managed to reach Lee and raise the alarm. A Lee boatman put off and rowed to the spot where the three people were watching the incoming tide, which threatened to engulf them, but he was unable to approach them. The swirling waves amid the terrible rocks made it impossible.

ROPE TO THE RESCUE.

A crowd of villagers gathered in Lee, and taking all the available ropes went to the top of the cliff above the helpless party. One of the men was lowered down, and after a long and tedious struggle both the ladies and Major Stalwall were dragged to the top.

Search was then made for the vicar, and at length he was found, but it was some time before he could be rescued. At length, with one rope fastened round him, and a man at the end of another to assist him, he was dragged, exhausted, to safety.

All the parties were prostrated for some time by the shock and strain, but none are in any danger from the effects of their hazardous adventure.

The Postmaster-General announced, in answer to a question by Mr. Lough in the House of Commons yesterday, that he had come to the conclusion that it would not be in the public interests to exercise the power of compulsory purchase of the undertakings of the National Telephone Company.

RUSH TO THE RACES.

Forty Thousand Voices
Cheer the King.

RECORD DAY AT ASCOT.

All London and its wife and daughters turned out to see the Gold Cup at Ascot, and succeeded without an effort in making a record attendance.

From north, south, east, and west vehicles of every description converged upon Waterloo Station. Every sort of horse drew every kind of cab and carriage in two long streams to the London and South-Western terminus.

Motor-cars puffed angrily in the procession, cheated of their speed and compelled to linger. Omnibuses lumbered along, denied altogether their ancient privilege of ousting all else from their track.

In and out among the traffic on Westminster Bridge dodged sellers of Oxley's official cards and the yellow Daily Race Card. They did a thriving trade. Inside the station after twelve the entire stock of cards at the bookstalls was sold out.

From 9.30 to 12.55 ninety special trains ran at intervals of three minutes, till the rails were hot with them. To meet the demand some trains were lent by the North London and Midland Railways.

A Wild Scramble.

Over ten thousand booked at Waterloo alone. Thousands more took their tickets at the various agencies and branch offices, or at intermediate stations. Besides these were hundreds who had "seasons" for the week.

As the time went on anxious men leapt out of their cabs in York-road, just before they reached the station entrance, threw the fares at the cabmen, and rushed up the incline to gain time.

Large parties split up and travelled in batches, where and when they could get a seat.

Dainty dresses, typical "Ascot confections," voluminously soft and flowing, and girt with priceless real lace, were sadly crushed in the pushing crowd. Hats were awry, and hair was disordered and came out of curl. Some of the ladies' lady's-maids would have "had a fit" to see their mistresses "such sights."

Forty Thousand Voices Cheer.

The weather was simply splendid—a record day—and the dressing, in which there was more variety than on Tuesday, was of record splendour also.

The taste of this year, with its soft elegance and the flow of line it gives to the figure, shows to a marked advantage when a large number of beautifully-robed women are gathered together.

Every stand was packed. The coaches were full. The Heath was crammed.

Forty thousand people, of all classes in the kingdom, raised a cheer as the King and Queen drove along the course to the stand. With them were the Prince of Wales and Prince John of Glücksburg. The King again wore a pink carnation.

Behind the carriage, which was preceded by scarlet-coated outriders and driven by postillions in a livery of dark blue with scarlet sleeves and gold braiding, rode Captain F. Ponsonby and the Hon. J. Ward.

Seven carriages followed, conveying the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, the Duke of Portland and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Marquis de Soveral, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord Faarburgh, the Dowager Countess of Lytton, the Countess of Airlie, Lord Tweedmouth, and the Duchess of Portland.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg drove in from the Castle, along the road later on.

As cheer after cheer went up, the Queen, who looked more charming than ever, in a light coloured gown, waved her hand in acknowledgment. The King made no effort to conceal his pleasure at the welcome.

Sceptre, the Idol.

From the highest in the Enclosure to the lowest on the heath, the one topic of conversation was Sceptre, and what would she do in the Gold Cup.

Long before the race all the coveted points of vantage were scrambled for and gained or lost.

As the grand horses were led along the rails for inspection comments were freely passed on Sceptre's appearance; the men caught the sweat and made the horse's flank shine like a mirror.

Nobody gave Throwaway or Maximum II. much attention, though some had backed the French horse on account of its past victory.

Everyone liked Zinfandel, but it was a long time before the ladies could understand why his stable companion preceded him in the walk past, and took him at a canter right up to the post.

Then came the race. Throwaway ahead. A gleam of excitement as the quartette dipped down into Swinley Bottom. Who would come up out of it ahead? Throwaway came out.

But the bend the bend will tell a different tale, everyone said. Down they rush, six lengths from the nose of Throwaway to the tail of Maximum II.

Still the same as the post grew nearer. Throwaway ahead, Zinfandel and Sceptre struggling. Past the post still the same. Throwaway won. So! a record Gold Cup day at Ascot.

BLUE FROCK COATS.

The King Sets a New Fashion at Ascot.

The day of the black frock-coat seems to be over. The King is setting the fashion by appearing in a blue frock-coat, with trousers and waistcoat to match.

Another feature of his Majesty's attire at Ascot struck some terror into the hearts of those who admire uniformity of colour in their clothes.

The King wore a snowy shirt and collar and a red button-hole, thus exemplifying in his person the national colours.

A purple tie, typical of his racing colours, completed his Majesty's outfit.

The question which is agitating the minds of those men who like to be in the van of fashion is whether, if they follow the King's example and wear blue frock suits instead of the traditional black or grey, they must also wear a red button-hole and a white shirt to keep up the spirit of the red, white, and blue.

During the war it was only by strenuous endeavour that the wearing of khaki ties was put down by smart London young men; for it was whispered that the King had once worn one, and what the King wears is to a man what Paris decrees are to a woman—an unwritten law which must be obeyed.

COLONEL AND HIS BIRDS.

Partridges Not To Be Disturbed by Telephone.

Lifboat rescue work has apparently not the same interest for Colonel Prideaux-Brune as it has for his father, who is chairman of the Padstow local committee of the National Lifboat Institution; or for the Colonel's four sisters, who have each received a life-saving medal for a rescue off the North Cornish coast.

He sets great store on the partridges preserved to provide sport for himself and friends.

This fact has come prominently before the public through a question answered in the House of Commons, from which it appears that he has objected to a telephone wire from Padstow to Hawkers Cove passing across his shooting.

This line is necessary for the efficiency of the lifboat service—including the only steam life-saving boat on the coast. But telephone wires are a danger to partridges, and the Colonel has therefore declined to give his sanction.

Mr. Dibdin, secretary of the Lifboat Institution, told a *Mirror* representative yesterday that twenty-five per cent. of the lifboat launches were now due to telephone calls.

"It is impossible to estimate the value of the telephone to the lifboat service," he continued, "and any objection of the telephone system is greatly to be deplored."

RULER OF THE BOLD BHILS.

Rajah Rajpipla To Be Presented to the King.

The Rajah of Rajpipla, now in London, rules a population in number equal to that of Bristol, but spread over an area as large as Sussex.

His kingdom is near Bombay, and his subjects are largely made up of the picturesque Bhils.

Forty-two years of age, the Rajah believes in up-to-date methods. But his efforts to make his people think likewise have met with much opposition. The Bhils do not take kindly to civilisation.

Nevertheless, since 1897 the Rajah has managed to get a light railway with a 2ft. 6in. gauge in working order and an official "Gazette" published in the native language.

Although in England before he has never been presented to the King. This omission is to be remedied next Wednesday, when Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Curzon Wyllie, A.D.C. to the Under-Secretary for India, will present him at the Court to be held on that date.

MICROBE OF OLD AGE.

Dr. Merchnikoff, lecturing in Paris the other day, said that senility was produced by a microbe, and he recommended the drinking of curdled milk to kill it.

Dr. Yorke-Davies, the well-known expert, was yesterday interviewed by a *Mirror* representative on the subject. He said that length of life depended upon heredity, exercise, and food, and that senility is not the result of the operations of a microbe.

"People have to earn," the doctor went on, "old age, just as they do a fortune."

"Dr. Merchnikoff's pronouncement with regard to curdled milk is absurd. There are thousands of people who would find it impossible to digest quantities of curdled milk."

MOTOR DERBY DAY.

German Emperor Arrives at Homburg for To-day's Race.

STREET IN FLAMES.

With the arrival of the German Emperor at Homburg yesterday final arrangements for to-day's great international motor-race were completed.

The Emperor, with the Empress, inspected the grand stand provided for him, and chatted and joked with the members of the Automobile Club, who explained fully the precautions taken for the public safety.

The keenest interest is being taken by the Emperor in the contest, and his presence has given widespread satisfaction among motorists.

Yesterday was devoted to a complete rehearsal by the officials and troops.

All the "controls," where the cars will be stopped, were manned, the timekeepers compared watches, the overseers practised their duties, and the troops took up their positions.

Government representatives and the various committees made a complete inspection of the course to see everything in order.

In the morning a vast crowd assembled in the narrow Elizabeth Strasse, at Homburg, to see the racing cars weighed on the town machine. Here a sensational incident occurred, which might easily have had most serious consequences.

Sensational Incident.

Mr. Edge was waiting with his Napier car in a line with four or five other competitors, when a careless bystander threw a lighted match on some petroleum which had leaked on the ground. Immediately there were loud explosions and a sheet of flame filled the side of the street.

Mr. Edge and the other competitors with great presence of mind managed to move their cars out of danger, and nobody was hurt or damage done. For the time, though, the scene was terrifying, with the street in flames and the huge cars rushing wildly down the narrow roadway.

The spectators stood wringing their hands, screaming in a panic, but when they realised no mischief had been done, they laughed and talked gaily until the flames were smothered with sand.

No important alterations in the official programme were made during yesterday. Switzerland, however, has had to withdraw, as their representative has broken the axle-tree of his car, and as a further precaution on the side of safety the cars will start at intervals of seven minutes instead of five.

The Champions.

There will be eighteen competitors, who will start in the following order—

Jenatzy (Germany), Edge (England), Warden (Austria), Cagno (Italy), Terry (France), Hautvast (Belgium), De Caters (Germany), Girling (England), Werner (Austria), Storero (Italy), Salleron (France), Augieres (Belgium), Opel (Germany), Jarrott (England), Braun (Austria), Lancia (Italy), Rougier (France), De Crawhez (Belgium).

The colours of the competitors are: England, green; Germany, white; French, blue; Austria, black and yellow; Belgium, yellow; and Italy, black.

Public opinion at Homburg strongly favours the chance of last year's winner, Jenatzy, more especially as the weather promises to be brilliantly fine. For wet weather driving Jarrott has a big reputation, as he won a notable race in France on very greasy roads.

The betting yesterday was Germany 6 to 4, France 2 to 1, Austria 4 to 1, England 6 to 1, and Belgium and Italy 10 to 1.

Dangerous Corners.

The course of the Gordon-Bennett race covers eighty-five miles. The roads have a splendid surface, and have been carefully sprinkled with Westramite to avoid the dust nuisance. The width of the roads is from seven to fifteen yards, providing ample room for cars to pass, but there are several very awkward curves.

These latter will demand great skill and nerve from the drivers, while the numerous severe gradients will severely tax the cars.

There are two highly-dangerous S-shaped curves at which, if a brake gives way while running at high speed, an accident is almost unavoidable.

Another danger spot is a tremendous curve with a high embankment on either side. Enormous speed can, however, be developed on several sections of the course.

A special article appears on page 12 on the cost of to-day's race.

Portraits of competitors and their cars appear on page 9 in sequence to a number published in yesterday's issue.

FORGOT THE WEDDING-RING.

The marriage between an elderly independent gentleman and a maid who was arranged to take place at Sedgely yesterday was delayed through lack of a wedding-ring.

The bridegroom had forgotten it, and when the omission was discovered he drove to his residence, but to his dismay found that the servant had locked up his house.

A window had to be forced open before the ring could be found and the ceremony performed.

FINLAND'S TYRANT SHOT.

Senator's Son Takes Vengeance on General Bobrikoff.

General Bobrikoff, the Governor-General of Finland, was shot in the stomach yesterday, while entering the Senate at Helsingfors.

His assailant, the son of Senator Schaumann, immediately committed suicide.

A later message says that General Bobrikoff is dying.—Reuter.

General Bobrikoff is universally regarded as the oppressor of Finland. When the ancient privileges of the Finns were withdrawn, it was he who was appointed with despotic power to overthrow the national existence of Finland, which has now become a province of Russia.

He fulfilled an unthankful and difficult task with unbending severity and relentless rigour. He was generally execrated by the Finns, who saw all their constitutional privileges disappear under his rule.

So much was he hated that his portrait, adorned with three horns and a large black heart, had a great sale.

The Russification of Finland has meant the introduction of the Russian language into all public offices, the appointment of Russian officials to all high posts, the suppression of 150 newspapers, and the abolition of the Finnish Army, all recruits being drafted to serve in Russian regiments.

DOWIE'S DIVERSIONS.

The "Profit" Spends His Time Eating and Sleeping.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

WIMEREUX, Thursday Night.

Dr. Dowie came downstairs this morning at ten o'clock, after having partaken of a plentiful breakfast in bed. After enjoying a brief "constitutional" in the hall of the hotel he donned a glossy silk hat and black overcoat, and proceeded for a drive, accompanied by the ladies, Mr. Stern again occupying the seat next the driver.

In the High-street the ladies got down, and did some shopping, and the landau continued along the Route Nationale. Frequent stoppages were made, however, to allow of consultations between Dowie and Stern, apparently with the view of ascertaining how far their movements were being watched.

At the end of these conferences the "Profit" glared and shook his head indignantly at the *Mirror* representative, who was following on a bicycle.

The party returned to the hotel at one o'clock, a sumptuous luncheon being served in their rooms upstairs. Immediately afterwards the "Profit" retired to bed, where, in the intervals of eating, he spends most of his time.

I am informed that he will leave here to-morrow for London, on his way to Liverpool, en route for New York.

"LONG LIVE GREAT BRITAIN."

Italian Jubilations Over the Visit of British Tars.

CIVITA VECCHIA, Thursday.

The greatest animation prevails here on the occasion of the visit of the British Mediterranean fleet. The houses are gaily decorated with flags, and the harbour, filled with splendid ships, is a grand sight.

Many people are visiting the British men-of-war.

Yesterday evening Admiral Sir Compton Domville returned the visits which the authorities paid him as soon as the squadron arrived.

The town was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, and bands played in the public squares. Many of the British officers and sailors landed, and were warmly welcomed everywhere.

Special fêtes are being organised in honour of the visit of the squadron.

The "Messagero" publishes a letter from Civita Vecchia, in which the following passage occurs:—

"We send greetings to our guests, and express to them, and to the formidable ships which are visiting us on a mission of peace and friendship, the proud homage of our town, which is happy and gratified to receive them in its harbour."

"Long live Great Britain and the British squadron, which brings us greeting from a powerful and friendly nation."—Reuter.

Making Money

Fels-Naptha turns 2½d into 2/6 on washday 52 times a year, if you go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

"PIG IN A POKE."**Judge on the Baffling Ways of Company Promoters.**

Some strong observations on the part of Mr. Justice Grantham were made during yesterday's hearing of the action which Sir William Broadbent, the famous physician, is bringing for damages against Lord Dunmore, Count Mac Hollander, M. Paul Boyer, and Paul Boyer, Limited.

M. Paul Boyer is a Parisian photographer who was said to have invented some marvellous processes. His business was floated as a company upon the English market by the defendants, with a proposed capital of £30,000 in 21 shares. Lord Dunmore was chosen chairman, Sir William Broadbent, on being told by Count Mac Hollander that this was one of the best things going, signed an agreement by which he was to underwrite five hundred shares, and gave a cheque for £32 10s. as a deposit on application.

It was said that the flotation of the company proved a "complete frost."

While Mr. Lawson Walton was continuing his arguments for Sir William his Lordship pointed out that there were difficulties in the way of the plaintiff's case with regard to Lord Dunmore.

But, after all, he continued, the plaintiff had a right to try to hold him responsible with the other directors if he could show that his lordship was "at fault."

"Lord Dunmore is a director, and shareholders," said the Judge, "are entitled to look to the directors for protection of their interests. And if the directors fail, shareholders are right to hold them responsible."

"I suppose," added his Lordship as an afterthought, "that the directors have paid back the money they received as fees."

The Lion's Share.

"Oh, dear no, not they," exclaimed Mr. Lawson Walton, laughing. "Why, the very day before a resolution winding up the company was passed, the directors divided up £300 among themselves as fees."

The Judge: Was Lord Dunmore present?
Counsel: Certainly, and received his share—the lion's share.

Difficulties in the way of English liquidation, owing to the French law in relation to orders were described by counsel, who said it was impossible to get some of the papers from France. His Lordship offered striking comment on hearing the position. There was, he said, great negligence on the part of somebody.

He further observed, "The ways of company promoters are past finding out."

"In the whole of my experience I never heard of a company buying a pig in a poke in Paris which nobody knew anything about, defrauding everybody all round."

Mr. Eldon Bankes said Lord Dunmore was very anxious that his part in the matter should be fully investigated.

Wanted, £3,000.

Mr. Chantry, receiver of the company, said he went to Paris to take possession of the premises, but was unsuccessful. The French authorities wanted £3,000 before they would register the judgment against Boyer.

A warrant had been granted in 1899 on the information of Hollander, for Paul Boyer, on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences. As liquidator Mr. Chantry had found nothing to justify a charge of negligence against the company's directors.

The hearing was adjourned.

THE DUKE'S THEATRICALS.**Scene-Painter's Claim Against the Stage Manager.**

"You almost suggest that the Chatsworth theatricals are done on the cheap," Judge Woodfall remarked to Mr. Stewart, stage manager at the Garrick Theatre, who was being sued in Westminster County Court yesterday by Mr. Edmund Banks, a scene painter.

Mr. Banks painted an Indian temple interior for the Chatsworth theatricals last year, when the King's indisposition caused the royal visit to be postponed. He claims £25 from Mr. Stewart, who stage-managed the theatricals, for this work, though originally he thought he was to do the work for the Duke of Devonshire himself. "I should have charged the Duke more for it, and got the money," he said.

Mr. Stewart denied that he promised to pay for the work. The scenery was a little present of workmanship in return for all he had done for Mr. Banks.

It was when Mr. Stewart said that he had been keeping expenses down, after his Honour had asked why Mr. Banks should do work for nothing, that Judge Woodfall made his joking reference to the Chatsworth theatricals being "done on the cheap."

Eventually the case was adjourned for Mr. Stewart to call further evidence, on the understanding that the costs of the hearing were paid in seven days. Otherwise judgment would go against Mr. Stewart.

EMIGRANT'S TRUE COLOURS.**Husband's Deception Revealed to His Wife by a Divorce Court Case.**

As a contribution to the cheap emigration question that the action of some important steamship companies has just brought before the public, a story told in the Divorce Court yesterday is not without its value.

Mr. Elias Jones, a licensed victualler of Manchester, once started to emigrate to Australia, having borrowed £200 from his wife. The result has been that Mrs. Sarah Hannah Jones has obtained a divorce from him.

The key-note of the charge which she brought against him was that, instead of emigrating, as he promised and as she fondly thought he had done, he only got as far as London, and there resumed licensed victualling with another lady for his wife, a Mrs. Beckett, a mutual friend of theirs at Manchester.

Mrs. Beckett came to play the part of a "tertium quid" when Mr. and Mrs. Jones had been married twenty years. The manner in which she did so had strange elements of irony about it.

Mrs. Jones had noticed that her husband took unaccountable walks in the mornings, and one morning she followed him. She failed to keep up with him, and then she determined to go and discuss the matter with Mrs. Beckett, and ask that lady's advice and sympathy.

RUNNING HIM TO EARTH.

But when she arrived at Mrs. Beckett's house her coming caused such a commotion that she retreated in affright to the front door. From this point of vantage she observed Mr. Jones escaping from the back gate.

"It was not Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Beckett positively, when Mrs. Jones summoned up courage to go in and speak about what she had seen.

Although Mr. Jones made a half admission when his wife accused him point blank of flirting with

Mrs. Beckett, Mr. Beckett expressed himself satisfied that nothing serious had happened.

But although matters were temporarily smoothed over through Mr. and Mrs. Beckett's statements, Mr. and Mrs. Jones agreed that it would be satisfactory for them both that Mr. Jones should go to seek further fortune in the Antipodes—that there would be a temporary separation. He promised to double the £200 which his wife gave him to finance him on his expedition.

AU REVOIR TO THE EMIGRANT.

So she saw him off by train, with an understanding between them that the parting should be but for two years at most.

Mr. Jones did not go to Australia. He went to London and kept the Bell Inn, with Mrs. Beckett as his helpmeet.

This fact did not come to Mrs. Jones's knowledge till long after. In the interim she again entered on friendly relations with her husband. He came to Manchester two or three times, and told her that he was travelling for a wine and spirit merchant carrying on business in Edinburgh—but he always wanted to get away without stopping a night.

Still, he reassured his wife by saying that, although he had not made his fortune in Australia, he was in hopes that he would be taken into partnership by his firm, and so enabled to relieve her from the task of keeping an inn.

THE SECRET OUT.

In 1900 a divorce case, "Beckett v. Beckett and Jones," was heard, and so it was in this abrupt manner Mrs. Jones learned the history of her husband since he had left Manchester.

One divorce led to another, and that was how Mrs. Jones obtained a decree yesterday.

Asked why she had not brought proceedings before, she explained that three years ago, when her husband's unfaithfulness was brought home to her by the other divorce, her son was about to become a solicitor, and her daughter was about to be married. Under these circumstances she decided to wait to settle her own affairs.

BERLIN RIVER MURDERS.**Series of Crimes That Recall the "Ripper" Atrocities.**

Intense excitement has been aroused in Berlin by recent murder mysteries.

At last there has been an arrest, that of a workman named Berger, who is accused of murdering a little girl named Lucie Berlin.

Her mutilated body was taken a few days ago from the River Spree, with the head, arms, and legs missing. The child, who was only nine years old, the daughter of a cigar roller, was last seen playing with two schoolmates, when she was accosted by a stranger and given money to buy sweets. Since then all trace of her had been lost.

There have previously been other revolting crimes of the same nature, which recalled the terrible "Ripper" tragedies of London.

The body of a young woman was found dismembered in the Charlottenburg Canal in a sack, and human remains have been found outside Berlin by travelling showmen.

WRESTLERS AT VARIANCE.

Application was made at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday for a process against two persons for threatening to publish libels with intent to extort money concerning Hackenschmidt and Jenkins, between whom a world's championship wrestling match is being arranged.

Having perused the information the magistrate said that a circular to which exception was taken seemed to him to be of very small importance. It was most ungrammatical, and he ventured to say few would take the trouble to read it.

Eventually the magistrate granted the summons.

PAID DEARLY FOR KISSES.

Three young men, named William Symonds, Joseph Page, and Fred Sanson, belonging to Stamford, were yesterday summoned by Margaret Dickens, of Market Deeping, for kissing her.

They met the girl when they were out on a driving excursion, and they all in-turn got out of the trap, put their arms round her and kissed her.

"It was only a foolish lark," said the bold youths, who were each fined £4 and costs.

Sergeant Thompson, 5th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, dropped dead on parade at Ballykinkar Camp, Downpatrick, yesterday.

M. Augustin Gamel, who fitted out Dr. Nansen's expedition through Greenland and Captain Hougaard's Arctic expedition with the Djimphna, died at Copenhagen yesterday.

SUNDAY SCHOLAR LOST.**Disappearance of a Young Girl from Barnsbury.**

Has Annie Lofly, aged fifteen, of 67, St. Clement's-street, Barnsbury, been decoyed away, or is she the victim of one of those mysterious tragedies of London life which baffle the best efforts of the police to unravel.

A *Mirror* representative who yesterday called on the missing girl's mother learned that she was last seen on Sunday week. She had attended Sunday school at St. Matthias's, Caledonian-road, and stayed to a baptismal service. Since she left the church no trace of her has been found.

Though happy at home she had expressed a wish to leave England, and had been anxious to go to China with a mission which was being dispatched from St. Matthias's.

She had also told her friends that she would like to go to Africa.

When she disappeared she was entirely without money, so without help from some stranger she could not have left London.

DETECTIVES IN DIVORCE.**Evidence by One of Slater's Former Employees.**

An interesting episode took place during the course of the Ryan divorce case yesterday. One of Slater's former detectives, a man named Brace, was called as a witness to prove misconduct on the part of Major Ryan.

Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C., had offered evidence that misconduct had taken place at a London hotel. He had called an official of the hotel to say that the major and a lady, not Mrs. Ryan, had engaged a suite of rooms.

Mr. Priestley, K.C., counsel for Major Ryan, thereupon said that he did not deny the misconduct. His client was defending the action on the ground that he had not been guilty of the second charge—necessary for the petitioner to prove to get a divorce—of cruelty.

But, although counsel were agreed, the President said that he did not think sufficient evidence of misconduct had been offered.

Why Evidence Was Withheld.

Mr. Deane, with some warmth, then declared that, if the President considered it necessary, he was quite ready to offer further evidence. The reason he had not done so was that he had been unwilling, after Mr. Priestley's remarks about Osborn and Osborn, Mrs. Ryan's solicitors, and "Slater's," the detectives whom she had employed, to bring forward evidence supplied by that agency.

Now, since the President was not satisfied, he would depart from his intention.

So Brace, Slater's man, was called; but he was unable to give a definite answer to the question put to him.

Another detective gave evidence, and after that the jury said that they were satisfied that misconduct with a field hospital nurse had taken place. Mr. Priestley began his case in refutation of the cruelty charge, and the hearing was adjourned.

RUNAWAY HUSBAND**Satisfying a Longing for "Peace, Peace, Peace."**

Mr. William Basil Birkly-Forrester, a timber-yard superintendent, of Southampton, left his wife under very unusual circumstances.

After promising to be back to lunch he went to Australia with his adopted daughter, and did not let Mrs. Birkly-Forrester know where he was until five years afterwards.

Then he wrote the following letter:—

"The best thing I can do is to go to sea. All I seem to long for is peace, peace, peace. I have tried to make our marriage happy, but it has been a miserable failure. Not one day has passed without you telling me that I have been wrong. Now I only want to be let alone. I shall put myself together on the water. Pray leave me here, for if I feel I am being traced I shall do something silly. That's certain. I beg you on bended knee not to trouble. You will be happier; pity will overcome your other feelings."

On these facts being proved in the Divorce Court yesterday Mrs. Birkly-Forrester was granted a judicial separation.

LADY FOUND HANGED.

The body of Miss Middleton, an independent lady of fifty-four, who had not been seen since Tuesday, was yesterday found hanging from a nail in her home at Coldash, near Newbury.

It appears to have been a case of determined suicide, as the lady cut one of the arteries in her wrist.

DECEMBER AND MAY.**An Old Man's Unfortunate Love Affair.**

An elderly, white-haired man of small stature made complaint to Mr. D'Eyncourt, at North London Police Court yesterday, that he had been forsaken and robbed by a young woman who had promised to marry him.

Mr. D'Eyncourt: And what has she done?—She promised to marry me. I gave her £10 to furnish a home; but she has married somebody else, and won't give back my money.

Mr. D'Eyncourt: How old is she?—Twenty-five. And how old are you?—Nigh on seventy-five, your Worship.

Mr. D'Eyncourt: I cannot help you beyond saying you can sue the young woman in the county court, if you say you did not make her a present of the money; and at the same time, to advise you to be careful in the future as to your dealings with young women.

The old man dejectedly left the court.

THE RIGHT WOMAN.

To the detective who arrested him for bigamy Arthur Coken, a sailmaker, living in Pimlico, is said to have made the following admission.

"I know I did wrong," he remarked, "but I had no alternative. We had been courting four years. The right woman came along too late. She is in trouble, but she won't be the sufferer. If I had not had so much trouble with my wife at Wandsworth I should not have done this."

The Westminster magistrate yesterday committed Coken for trial.

RAISULI HAVING HIS WAY.

TANGIER, Thursday.

Two of Raisuli's men who were in prison at El Arish arrived here late last night.

Both belong to Zenat, and one is a taleb, or learned man.

This shows that the Government is complying slowly with all the conditions of the bandits who hold captive Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley.—Feuter.

A woman has applied to be admitted as a member of the Dublin Stock Exchange.

The Alake of Abeokuta has accepted an invitation to lunch at the House of Commons with Sir B. Stone, M.P., on his return from Scotland. The function will probably take place on Friday in next week.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The further extension of the Metropolitan Railway line from Harrow to Uxbridge will be formally opened on Thursday, June 30.

At Leigh Manor Farm an accident to an incubator lamp set the incubator house on fire, and the 500 young chickens which it contained were slowly grilled to death.

The Manchester Board of Guardians have been summoned for allowing black smoke to issue from the chimney of their workhouse, and fined a guinea.

STRANGE CONSUMPTION CURE.

Dr. Searle, a retired medical practitioner, and now Mayor of Dartmouth, claims to have discovered a cure for consumption.

He says his remedy is to fight the germs of tuberculosis by the aid of typhoid germs, and gives illustrations in which, when typhoid has attacked consumptive patients, they have invariably recovered, both from typhoid and tuberculosis.

He advocates inoculation under his system of children whose family history is pronouncedly tuberculous or cancerous.

"DRUNKEN DEVILMENT."

"Drunk devilment," said William Hazell, when asked at Southwark Police Court yesterday why he had gone into a toy-maker's house and trampled a dozen toy mailcoats. Resenting the toy-maker's natural objection, he had afterwards assaulted her.

"Contrary to custom, the crowd took my part," said the policeman who arrested him, "and remonstrated with the prisoner upon his violent and unprovoked attacks."

Hazell must either pay £2 16s. for his devilment, or go to prison for five weeks.

GILDED FARTHING TRICK.

At Rowley, Joseph Field, a South African hero, and Frederick Field, his brother, were each fined £3.

They visited the shop of a poultry dealer, purchased a fowl for 2s. 8d., and tendered a gilded farthing for a half-sovereign in payment, which was not detected at the time, and they consequently received the fowl and change.

LIGHTNING DIGS HOLES.

The remarkable effects of lightning were described by the Rev. C. F. Fox before the Royal Meteorological Society.

On April 13 at Bowers Gifford, Essex, the lightning struck a farmhouse. The horses broke from their enclosure, a calf in its stall was paralysed and died next day, and a lamb in the adjoining field was killed.

The earth 100 yards from the house was scattered about, leaving a number of perfectly circular holes.

HOTEL CECIL SUES LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant Milbank, of the 6th Royal Fusiliers, and a member of the Junior Naval and Military Club, was sued in the Shoreditch County Court yesterday by the Hotel Cecil, Strand, for the recovery of £40 8s. 9d. for luncheons and wines supplied.

Mr. Robinson, for the hotel proprietors, said that the defendant incurred the bill last year, but that he had paid off the original debt was £5. Defendant, examined as to his means, said he was solely dependent on his mother, but plaintiffs' solicitors pointed out that she was a lady of title and means.

The defendant said that his pay was 6s. 6d. a day and offered instalments of £1 a month.

His Honour: Oh, absurd! That would be four years to pay for a few extravagant feasts which should be paid for at the time. I will make an order of £5 a month.

The official inspection of the Brixton-Streatham trams took place yesterday. The cars will commence running on Sunday.

"Manslaughter" was the verdict returned at Manchester against a man named Kelly, who was alleged to have pushed over a piano-organ which had fallen on and killed a child playing by it.

Owing to increased patronage an extra matinee will be given at Drury-Lane Theatre of "Faust" by the Moody-Manners Company on Wednesday next. The first performance of "The Flying Dutchman" will be given to-night.

Before hanging himself to the bedrail a despondent Salford youth of eighteen, named Charles Watts, remarked to his sister, "Everyone should ask forgiveness for their sins before they die, and unless everyone has a trade they are really not fit to live."

DRIVER'S HEAD BLOWN OFF.

The boiler of an agricultural traction engine burst at Linton, Cambridgeshire, and blew off the head of a man named Mylott.

Another man was seriously injured, and the fly-wheel of the engine was blown seventy yards.

WHO WOULD BE A BARON?

Platoerats who hunger for titles should be interested in the following advertisement which appeared in the columns of a London contemporary:

FOREIGN TITLE OF BARON.—Opportunity to Purchase Above; highest references required.—Apply, etc.

RICH WIFE—PAUPER HUSBAND.

Laura Mary Best, schoolmistress, of Eccleshall, was summoned for refusing to contribute towards the cost of maintenance of her husband, who is a pauper inmate of an asylum.

The defendant, who has a yearly salary of £120, was ordered to pay 2s. 6d. a week.

BORROWING LEADS TO BANKRUPTCY.

At his public examination yesterday Mr. Alexander Henry, of Pump-court, Temple, barrister-at-law and Recorder of Carlisle, stated that his failure was due to heavy interest (as much as 100 per cent.) on borrowed money, to his expenditure having exceeded his income, and to inability to obtain money due to him.

The examination was concluded, the statement of affairs showing liabilities £1,050 and assets £185.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Mr. Fisher, lodging at 27, Doughty-street, St. Pancras, was awakened early yesterday morning by a man at the foot of the bed busy searching his pockets.

He shouted "Who's there?" and the man ran off, but Mr. Fisher followed him, caught him at the front door, and held his prisoner until a constable arrived.

George Murray was the name of the man, and he was at Clerkenwell yesterday sent for trial to the Old Bailey.

"TRAILER" SMASH AT EPPING.

Arthur Chamberlain, a well-known light-weight boxer, of Stratford, was riding in a trailer drawn by a motor-cycle, and his brother was driving another motor-cycle behind, near the Bell Inn, Epping.

While the cycles were going at fourteen miles an hour the trailer suddenly broke loose and Chamberlain was pitched out on his head.

His brother was unable to get clear, and went over and over, while Chamberlain himself was seriously hurt, and died without recovering consciousness.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned at the inquest yesterday.

In view of the state of public business, it is now believed that the Prorogation cannot take place until some day in the week ending August 20.

An East Ham boot-dealer named Israel Brauner, a Russian Jew, whose affairs were investigated yesterday, attributed his bankruptcy to the loss of £100 by card-playing.

Four new Roman Catholic churches are being built in South London. They are situated at South Walworth, Lorrimer-square, Catford, and Peckham Rye. The total cost will be £20,000.

MOTOR-CYCLIST KILLS A CHILD.

William Gillam, aged twelve, of Croydon, was knocked down by a motor-cycle at Crown Hill, and although he managed to get home he had to be taken to the hospital, where he died from internal injuries. The driver of the motor-cycle has not been discovered.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

FATAL VARICOSE VEIN.

Johanna Stokes, the wife of a fishmonger of Holloway-road, was sitting at the window on Sunday evening when her leg began to bleed, and she died before a doctor arrived.

A varicose vein had burst, and the coroner's jury yesterday returned a verdict of Death from accidental hemorrhage.

VERSATILE VILLAINS.

When John and Joseph Donnelly were charged at Manchester they were alleged to have

Stolen twelve bicycles,
Five pianos, and
Money from a gasmeter;

And obtained money for false teeth which they failed to supply.

The men pleaded guilty, and the magistrates sentenced John to nine months and Joseph to three months' imprisonment.

VOLUNTEER'S WARSHIP READY.

The Naval Volunteer training-ship, the Buzzard, is at length rigged and fitted ready for service, and will be to-day be inspected by Admiral Graham and formally handed over to the Admiralty Committee of the Naval Volunteer Reserve.

The proceedings will be of an informal nature, but until the handing over no Volunteer has any right to board the vessel.

On July 2 the Lord Mayor will entertain a large gathering on board, after which it is hoped that the London Division will be able to settle down to their work.

FOREIGN SALVATIONISTS ARRIVING.

The foreign delegates to the International Congress of the Salvation Army, which commences next week, are already arriving in this country.

Yesterday a party of thirteen Japanese reached London. On Saturday 250 delegates from Canada and Bermuda are expected. Amongst this party are Alaskan Indians, singing children from the Bermudas, and other representatives of the army's work there.

The American contingent, to the number of 400, and accompanied by Commissioner Booth-Tucker, arrive on Thursday, and included in the party are delegates from China, Mexico, and Kentucky.

Before Friday of next week the whole 1,300 delegates, representative of fifty Colonies or States, will be in this country. The programme opens at the Albert Hall on the 24th, and will be continued in the huge temporary building erected in the Strand, a photograph of which is reproduced on page 8.

THE CITY.

Nobody was hindered from going to Ascot by weather considerations yesterday, and so the Stock Exchange was something like a desert to the Stock Exchange, and considering dealers and the state of business. However, those who were there were smiling in the morning, and were never particularly unhappy all day, though the nominal value of their securities was not so good as the finish as it was in the opening hours. The bankers continued to give good offers to the Stock Exchange, and yesterday's Bank return was an eye-opener, the Reserve being up by £1,346,000. The Bank rate was not altered. Nevertheless, the Council closed a shade easier on balance.

Home Rates were inclined to go lower, with the exception of what was called the Heavy group.

These leading lines took a turn for the better in the afternoon. Americans started badly; the new Southern Pacific issue is a reminder of other issues to come. Buyers put their purses back in their pockets and went away. But in the afternoon there were a few buyers seen in New York, and prices were rattled up again in the Street market here, and there was quite a froth on quotations at the close.

Baltimores were up on Tuesday.

Grand Trunks were blossoming, and seemed to show more life. Perhaps the warm weather helped them. But Americans were mostly heavy, except the P.A. Pacific. The really lively market was Mexican Railways, for the earnings of the company make the public inclined to think about dividends.

Paris has so much money just now that she is a buyer of any Foreign stock that in her opinion looks cheap. All her favours were being heaped on Wednesday. Peruvians, and putting up Copper shares because the price of the metal rose. Japanese bonds alone looked lively.

Kaffirs were jumpy. They jumped up in the morning and down again in the afternoon, but the last jump upwards left them very high.

Africans did not demand notice, and did not get it. Westralians did, but it was the wrong kind of notice. The market looked unhealthy and weak.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* "The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ pc. ... 90½	90½	Pacific ... 118	117
"Do Account" ... 90½	90½	Western ... 125	125
India 5 pc. ... 90	90	Mexican First ... 80	81
London C.C. 5 pc. ... 90	90	"Do Ord. ... 80	81
Nat. War Loan ... 97½	98	Rosario Canal ... 92	92
Transvaal Loan ... 98	98½	"Do Def. ... 83	83
Argentine 1889 ... 103	103	Canadian Pacific ... 125	125
"Do Fund" ... 103	104	Col. Atl. ... 14	14½
Brazilian 4 pc 1889 ... 75	75	"Do 1st Pref. ... 102	102
"Do N. of Minas ... 82	82	"Do 2nd ... 80	80
Chili 1886 ... 85	87	Nitrato Ord. ... 71	71
Chinese 5 pc 1890 ... 104	104		
Expt's United ... 104	104	Aerated Bread ... 82	9
Japan ... 103	103	Albany Ord. ... 87	88
Japan 5 pc 1895 ... 87	88	Col. Atl. ... 80	80
"Do 4 pc ... 92	92	Guat. Light Ord. ... 92	93
Per. Debt ... 92	93	Hudson Bay ... 40	40
"Do Pref. ... 92	93	Lu. Gen. Ord. ... 110	110
Portuguese ... 92	93	"Do 2nd ... 80	80
Russian 4 pc 1890 ... 90	90	L.S. I. D. Def. Ord. ... 73	76
Spanish 4 pc (Sic) ... 86	86	Nelson's ... 200	210
Turkish 5 pc Un. ... 88	89	Sweetwater Auto. ... 100	100
Uruguay 5 pc ... 502	501	Vickers, Maxim ... 110	110
		Welsbach Ord. ... 110	110
Brighton Def. ... 122	123		
Caledonian Def. ... 31	31½	Anglo-French ... 8½	8½
Central London ... 99	99	Asiatic ... 10	10
Chatham Ord. ... 16	16	Assoc. G. M. ... 2½	2½
"Do Pref. ... 98	98	Barnato Cons. ... 214	214
"Do and Pref. ... 98	98	Champ. Ref. ... 27	27
Great Eastern ... 91	92	Chartered ... 103	103
Gr. Northern Def. ... 41	41	City & Sub. ... 60	60
Great Central ... 87	87	Col. Atl. ... 14	14
Great Western ... 142	143	Crown Ref. ... 14	14
Metropolitan ... 97	98	De Beers Def. ... 191	191
District ... 69	70	"Do 2nd ... 80	80
Midland Pref. ... 69	70	E. Rand. M. ... 7½	7½
"Do Def. ... 68	69	Geduld ... 64	64
North British Def. ... 140	140	Globe ... 10	10
North Eastern ... 140	140	Gold Coast Amst. ... 28	28
North Western ... 152	152	Gold's Horsehoe ... 72	72
South East'n Def. ... 18	18	Guat. Ref. ... 97	97
South West. Def. ... 54	54	"Do Prop. ... 27½	27½
"Do Ord. ... 162	164	Gt. Fingall 160 ... 74	74
		Imperial ... 74	74
Atchison ... 728	728	Joh. Con. In. ... 24	24
Baltimore ... 82	82	Knights ... 54	54
Bombay ... 142	142	Lake View Cons. ... 14	14
Chi. Mil. & S. Pl. ... 142	142	May Consolidated ... 4	4
Denver ... 30	30	Meyer & Charl. ... 54	54
Erie Shares ... 24	24	Moscow ... 9	9
"Do Pref. ... 59	60	Myers Gold ... 61	61
Illinois Cent. ... 123	123	Nile Valley ... 14	14
Levi's and N. V. ... 112	112	N. Copper ... 8	8
Missouri ... 37	37	Nuandrogoo ... 12	12
Ontario ... 26	26	Oreum ... 17½	17½
Norfolk Cons. ... 67	67	Orya B. Williams ... 34	34
Pennsylvania ... 68	69	Primrose (New) ... 31	31
Reading ... 29	29	Randfontein ... 31	31
Southern Ord. ... 21	21	Rio Plata ... 519	519
Southern Pacific ... 47	47	Rand Mines ... 109	109
Union Pacific ... 69	69	Sons of Gwalia ... 110	110
U.S. Steel Ord. ... 9	9	Tyane, Devel. ... 11	11
"Do Pref. ... 56	56	"Walsh ... 54	54
Wabash Pref. ... 32	32	Wesgate ... 11	11
		Zambesi Explor. ... 110	110

* Ex div.

"DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN

Fitted with TWIN FEED and FOURTEEN CARAT PLATED NIB; HOLDERS of the FINEST VULCANITE TUBING, EXQUISITELY CHASED.

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EVERY PEN is neatly packed in a box, with glass and rubber ink-filler and instruction sheet. As an ordinary purchase you would be quite satisfied to pay 7/6 for this pen. . . .

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1904.

A RECORD ASCOT.

How can we believe all we hear about "bad times" and the scarcity of spare cash when the Ascot Gold Cup Day of 1904 has beaten all records both of numbers present and of extravagance in women's dress?

Any foreigner judging by the appearance of the course yesterday, the throng of all classes, the gaiety, the splendour, the evidence that no expense was being spared, would have said that the British nation must be exceptionally prosperous. Is this the case? Or are appearances deceptive? Who shall say?

There are, beyond doubt, a great many people feeling the pinch of heavy taxation, high prices, and depressed trade. But then, on the other hand, we see a great many flourishing like the green bay tree as they have never flourished before. Only very careful students of the signs of the times could say whether the nation, as a whole, is on the up grade or the down.

To the casual observer the pouring out of money upon enjoyment may not seem to have slackened in the least. Yet there is certainly less spent than was the case a few years ago, when our trade was booming. People in these days do not scatter their substance upon all kinds of objects. They keep it for pleasures which are really necessary to them.

Ascot is one of these pleasures beyond all question. Not to be seen at Ascot is to cast a doubt upon your being properly in Society. The Derby you may go to, if you are fond of racing. Goodwood and Sandown Park are both "optional." But Ascot is as much an event of the season as a State Ball. You miss it at your peril. Nothing but illness—something catching for choice—will serve as an excuse for your non-appearance.

That is one reason why it was a record Ascot. Another is that it was a fine day. Fine days are so scarce this uncomfortable June that a sight of the sun is quite enough to induce everyone who can to take a day off. And it would be hard to find a pleasanter place for spending a day off than Ascot Heath on Gold Cup Day, with blue sky above and a capital racing programme to be got through.

Mr. Justice Barnes might have saved himself the trouble of asking a deserted wife yesterday whether she thought her husband was quite right in his head. No wife who was not considered perfect in every respect ever did think her husband right in his head. "You must be mad." That is the exclamation which rises naturally to a woman's lips when it is intimated to her that her conduct leaves something to be desired. In fact, men are only really sane (to her) when they are in love with her. Then they never find fault.

TWO THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY.

From Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

Coke: I have an unconquerable aversion to dissenters.

Deering: Oh, I hate 'em! But they saved England once, and I'm not sure whether they're not the soundest part of the nation to-day.—*The Liars.*

There is an immense future for women as wives and mothers, and a very limited future for them in any other capacity.—*The Case of Rebellious Nature.*

AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE LAST NIGHT.



Sketches at Mr. Max Pemberton's new play, "The Finishing School," which was successfully produced at Wyndham's Theatre last night.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Mr. Arnold-Forster is not proving quite so docile as most of Mr. Balfour's team. The Minister for War has very decided opinions of his own, and they do not often agree with the views of his chief. Just now they are disputing about the Volunteers. When Mr. Arnold-Forster strolled into the smoking room at the Senior Service Club after lunch yesterday, and picked up the "Sporting Times," he looked as if he needed a little relaxation after more wrangling than even his argumentative nature finds good for it.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has not taken any particular interest in the rehearsals of "The Liars," which was revived at the New Theatre last night. He doesn't like rehearsals. "When I have written a play," he once said, "my part is done. The rest is theirs, meaning the company which acts it. So he has been at Hindhead, steadily working away upon a new piece which he hopes to have ready for autumn production."

Ask the first barrister you meet what he knows about the new judge, Mr. Justice Bray, and he will say at once that he has the biggest nose of any man at the Bar. Also he had one of the largest practices. His ancestors "came over with the Conqueror," and the family liked England as well that they have never thought of going back.

Once he played cricket for Surrey, and had a peculiarly puzzling way of bowling "slows." He owns a delightful country place at Shere, in that county (given to one of his progenitors by Henry the Eighth), and a wife who belongs to the great publishing family of Longman. When Mr. Bray appeared in a case which concerned the export of donkeys there was much laughter in court.

For so young an actress Miss Jessie Bateman, the charming "female lead" in the Post Office Theatre, has a wide experience of life. Married at sixteen, she was left a widow a few years later, when her husband, Captain Trenchard, was killed in South Africa. A stage player at ten, she has appeared in all kinds of parts. Thus, when she was cast for the fairy in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Fantasy* at the Garrick, she was only going back to her earliest line of business. For it was as a fairy that she began her theatrical career.

Mr. Oules, R.A., who is painting the Prince of Wales in his legal robes as Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, is a man who found out his true vocation by accident. He started life determined to be a painter of historical subjects. When he was asked to do portraits, he used to decline, saying that subject pictures were his line. At last he consented, to paint the famous lawyer, Sir Frederick Pollock, and from that day his name as a portrait-painter was made. He would smile if you asked him to

Once again has Lord Kinnaird been denouncing "week-ends in the country." He is never happy without something to denounce. It is the form of exercise he takes now in place of Association football, in which he distinguished himself in youth. They know him so well at Exeter Hall that they provide a special stand for his baronial umbrella. Perhaps he gets this attention paid him not only on account of his piety but because he is very rich. For shrewdness as a bank director he has few equals: for evangelical eloquence, not one.

"The admitted head of all the Farquharsons," who asked in Parliament yesterday how motor-cars can be abolished, is a fine-looking old gentleman with a hereditary fondness for bagpipe music and a great deal of good sense, in spite of his objection to the smell of petrol. He handled Mr. Carnegie rather roughly a few years ago when the latter had been cracking up everything American at the expense of everything British.

"When America seems to tread closely on our heels," he declared, "it is by following lines already laid down by us, and developing our methods and ideas." Dr. Farquharson has a lovely place in Scotland, where he keeps up the style of an historic "laird," and is thoroughly popular with all the neighbourhood in consequence. His brother, who is an A.R.A., has painted many of his beautiful studies of sheep in the snow in that part of the country. In town the brothers live together in a Bayswater mansion with a very Scotch-sounding name.

In view of the money-making possibilities of "racing tips," suggested in Mr. George Rolli's successful play at the Royalty, it is interesting to note "Nathaniel Gubbins' opinion on the matter, as he expresses it in his latest book, "First Favourites" (John Long—3s. 6d.). "Strict honesty in a tipster," he says, "is of little more use than a tramcar ticket in a sausage-roll." The majority of those who purchase racing advice, according to him, positively wish to be swindled.

"The richest tipster I ever knew," he continues, "was a man, originally an attendant in a Turkish bath, who used to advertise under five different pseudonyms. He made a profit of more than £10,000 in three years. He now has a chapel of his own up in the north." The simplest dodge, Mr. Gubbins informs us, is to create a fictitious "late wire." "If," said a tipster acquaintance of his, "I don't happen to have mentioned the winner's name either in my 'weekly circulars,' 'overnight letters,' 'early finals,' 'all-day selections,' or 'one-horse wires,' all I've got to do is to pop in next day's advertisement an announcement to the effect that the winner's name was given on all 'late wires.'"

They say cigarettes will kill. When I look at most of the fellers that smoke 'em I hope they're

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Mr. Alfred Auslin, Dramatist.

Play-writing is a peccadillo common amongst Poets Laureate. They have all done it—or nearly all. Even Wordsworth perpetrated a play, though no company ever risked their lives by acting it.

"A. A.," therefore, could feel last night that he was merely fulfilling his destiny. He has always taken interest in the stage from the days when he wrote long ago (with reference to the lady whom we know as Lady Bancroft), of the theatre—

"Where saucy Wilton winks her way,
And says the more the less she has to say."

Last year, at the age of sixty-eight, he made his first bow as an acted poet; but "Flodden Field," although it may have been a great effort, was not a great work. He will probably never rival either Mr. Pinero or Mr. Owen Hall; but then neither of these gentlemen could write "Standard" leading articles anything like so long-winded and portentous as the author of "A Lesson in Harmony."

Why he set up as a poet no one has ever been able to explain. Why Lord Salisbury made him Laureate in succession to Tennyson, only Lord Salisbury knew. A leading American journal once declared that Tennyson compared with him was "as an eagle to a mousing owl," and actually described his lines on the relief of Mafeking as "degraded gibberish." However, he has contributed much to the gaiety of the nation, so it would be ungrateful to grudge him the £27 worth of wine, which is all that the job is worth.

He draws £200 a year as a Civil List pension, and has a nice private income, but still we wish him luck in his endeavour to add to it by doing a little honest back-work out of his ordinary line.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

How Is It That Disasters Causing Great Loss of Life Are So Much More Frequent in the United States Than in This Country?

The main reason is that in America life is held cheaper than it is here. Not nearly so many precautions are taken to avoid the possibility of accident. The number of people killed by misadventure is enormous. Yet nobody seems to take this very much to heart.

Another cause may be found in the fact that the Americans build their pleasure boats and their theatres more flimsily than we do. They are put together more quickly and more cheaply. When anything happens to them they offer very little resistance.

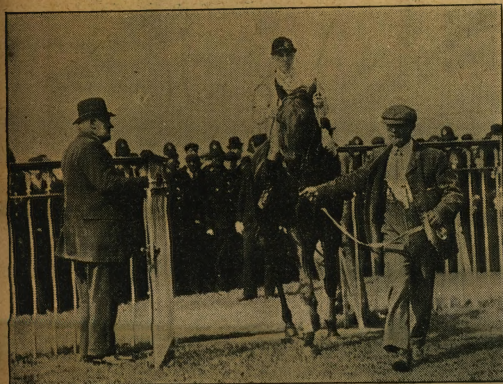
Yet, again, both buildings and boats are allowed to be used by the public long after they are past work and have become positive death-traps.

THE RACING AT ASCOT.



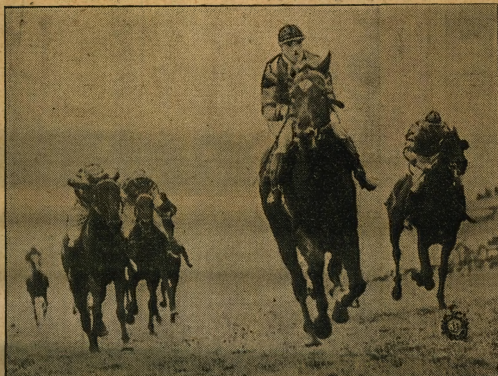
The finish for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. Ceardas wins!

CSARDAS RETURNS TO SCALE.



Ceardas, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup, coming back to scale after the race. G. McCall is up. Ceardas ran his race with great resolution, and won by a length and a half.

PRETTY POLLY WINS AS USUAL.



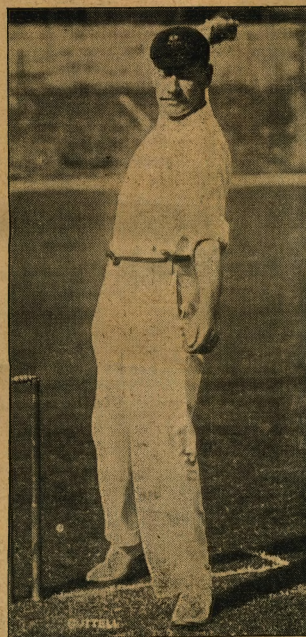
Pretty Polly wins the Coronation Stakes at Ascot in the easiest of canters. The race did not worry her in the least, and directly she reached the paddock began to nibble the grass.

THE RECORD TEMPORARY BUILDING.



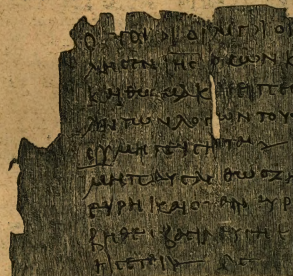
The wonderful temporary iron meeting-hall which has been erected in the Strand for the Salvation Army World's Congress. The hall holds 5,000 people, and meetings begin to-day week.

CUTTELL'S FINE INNINGS.



Cuttell, who made 128 for Lancashire against Warwick at Birmingham, hitting one 5 and thirteen 4's. He also took three wickets.—(Photograph by Hawkins.)

NEW BOOK OF HOLY WRIT.



A page of the "Sayings of Jesus," which have been discovered at Oxyrhynchus, in the Lybian Desert, some 120 miles south of Cairo. It was found among a heap of crumpled sheets of papyrus.

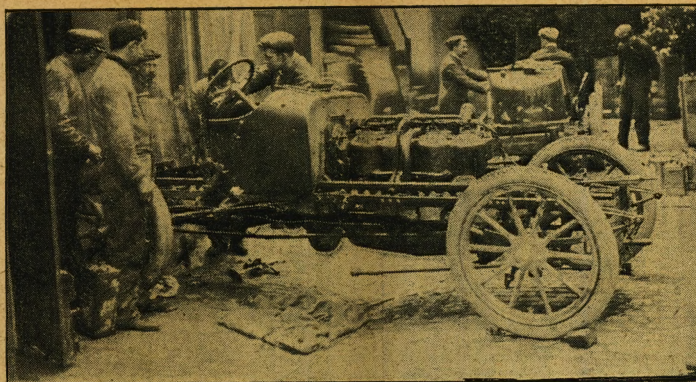


The Summer Pavilion of the Emperor of Japan, and his favourite place of residence. It is here that he retires from the cares of ceremonial life.

MEN WHO ARE TAKING PART IN TO-DAY'S GORDON-BENNETT RACE.



James Gordon-Bennett, the proprietor of the "New York Herald Tribune," who gave the trophy for competition between international teams.



A racing motor-car with the "bonnet" off, and showing the powerful machinery, which can drive it at a speed of ninety miles an hour.



Salleron, of the French team, who has had an accident while practising. He collided with a telegraph pole, and was badly shaken, and his car damaged.

THE ITALIAN TEAM.



ALEXANDRO CAGNO.



VINCINIO LANCIA.

members of the Italian team, who are driving F.I.A.T. cars in to-day's race.

THE AUSTRIAN TEAM.



WERNER.

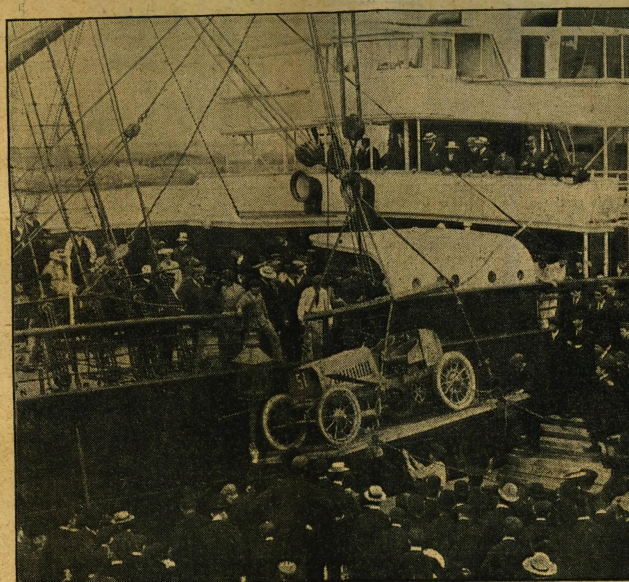


BRAUN.

Two members of the Austrian team, who are driving Mercedes cars.



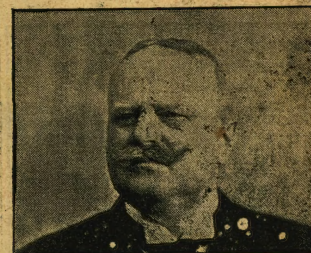
Mr. S. F. Edge, the winner of last year's race. As champion he leads off in the race, followed by the other competitors. He is a likely winner of to-day's race.



Shipping the English cars on their way to Germany for the Gordon-Bennett Cup. The cars are run on to a wooden platform, swung by four ropes, and raised on board by a crane.



BARON P. DE CRAWHEZ, a member of the Belgian team, driving a Pipe car to-day.



Count Molitor von Muhlfeld, the official starter of the Gordon-Bennett race to-day. The cars start at intervals of seven minutes.

FASHIONS FOR FEMININE ONLOOKERS AT TO-DAY'S GORDON-BENNETT RACE.

MOTOR MODES.

FASHIONABLE OUTFITS FOR THE FAIR CHAUFFEUSE.

That women have entered into the zest for automobilism there is no doubt. With a wonderful nerve they drive their own cars even in the crowded London streets, and such is the confidence they feel as the mistresses of mechanism that they vow themselves much more afraid of horses than of the complicated machinery they control. Those, on the other hand, who are expert handlers of the reins are not very tolerant of the encomiums passed upon motor-driving by its devotees. So far, a zeal for horses and cars is not found in combination.

To-day's contest—the Gordon-Bennett race—is evoking intense interest among women, and incidentally has been the cause of much activity among the tailors and those who are always busy inventing fresh fascination in motoring attire.

Motor coats with detachable linings represent a recent development in this way. Through the instrumentality of these fashionable linings used for fastening the pocket holes of gowns, the lining may be quickly and satisfactorily adjusted, and can be ripped out in a few seconds when necessary. It may be of leather, silk, or any other desired material, and several linings can be kept to suit several kinds of weather.

A Bright and Pretty Trimming.

Collars and cuffs of brightly tinted leather trim the summer motor coats of dufile, tweed, or frieze. Vivid tones, such as emerald, pink, turquoise, and royal blue are employed for these trimmings.

A special corset for motoring wear has made its appearance this season. It is fashioned of soft white kid, and on the score of comfort and suitability, is said to leave nothing to be desired.

Another recent invention in the interest of the fair chauffeuse is a white macintosh skirt that may be slipped over any ordinary dress. Worn with a semi-fitting coat of oze calf this skirt completes a most effective bad weather dread-nought costume.

Tussock remains the favorite material for dust coats on hot weather motor tours, and the newest are brightened by collars and cuffs of linen in contrasting colorings. A cap of linen to match is worn with such a coat.

The Home-made Motor Hood.

Most of us at one time or another have had an invitation to go for a run on some lady's motor-car, and probably we have gone and not enjoyed it on account of being blown about, or we have not gone for fear of the wind and consequently not looking our best when a halt for lunch or tea has been made.

Now, an expensive motor hood to keep off dust, wind, and sun, is not within a moment's reach of all of us; but two yards of beige coloured chiffon are within our means. With this a delightfully simple, becoming, and useful motor hood can be made in half an hour, which will last for ages and not spoil by sun or rain.

Fold the piece of chiffon in half exactly in the middle, and then cut it down the fold for three-quarters of its length. This leaves two long strips, which must be neatly hemmed, and they afterwards form the strings.

The end of the chiffon which has not been cut must be joined together middle-ways, and a running string be inserted. This can be drawn as tight as is required, according to the hat or cap to be worn, and forms the crown of the hood. The long pieces are to be twisted round the neck and tied in a bow in front.

Dark blue or brown gauze veiling may be used as effectively as chiffon, but the latter material has one great advantage, namely, that it can be washed as often as the veil requires freshening.

COOLING BEVERAGES.

LEMONADE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two or three lemons, two ounces of lump sugar, one quart of boiling water, a few lumps of ice.

Peel the lemons very thinly, and next carefully peel off all the pith, otherwise the lemonade will have a bitter flavour. Cut the lemon into thin

slices, taking out all the pips, and then put the peeled slices of lemon, and sugar in a jug, and pour over them the boiling water. Cover the jug and let the lemonade stand till it is cold, then strain it into a glass jug, pressing the slices well. Before serving it add a few thin slices of lemon to the beverage and a few lumps of ice.

LEMON SQUASH.

INGREDIENTS:—Small lumps of ice, the juice of one lemon, two teaspoonfuls of castor sugar, soda water.

Fill a tumbler half full with the lumps of ice, then strain on to it the juice of the lemon, add also the castor sugar. Next fill the glass up with soda water and mix all well together. This is a beverage that is usually prepared by the parlour-maid at the table, or by those who are going to drink it for themselves.

ICED COFFEE.

INGREDIENTS:—Four large tablespoonfuls of coffee, a few grains of salt, one quart of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, half a pint of cold milk, half a pint of cream, ice.

Put the coffee and salt into a jug, pour on to it the quart of boiling water. Cover the jug and

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

PRACTICAL HINTS CONCERNING THE CARE OF FURNITURE.

As the best of furniture will grow dusty and shabby in appearance, careful housekeepers are constantly fighting the approach of age and dirt from their household gods in the way of chairs and tables. Oak wainscoting and furniture are likely in time to assume a greasy appearance, which should be removed by washing it in warm beer. To give it a handsome gloss brush it over with a mixture of two quarts of beer boiled with a tablespoonful of sugar and a piece of beeswax as large as a walnut, and when dry polish it with a camellia leather or flannel. If oak or walnut pieces are infected with a tiny insect that bores holes until the wood crumbles into a fine powder, stop its wild career by saturating the wood with creosote, and do not allow it to dry for several days.

Furniture that is very dirty should be washed in water and vinegar in equal parts, using a flannel rag, and then, after perfect drying, be rubbed

wash it with water and polish it as usual. If the mahogany pieces only need cleaning rub them with a flannel dipped in sweet oil or cold drawn linseed oil. When rubbing wood follow the grain and do not rub against it any more than necessary.

All upholstered furniture must be beaten with a cane or regular attan beater, and then wiped with a fine duster. Cane-seated chairs require a vigorous scrubbing with soapsuds in which a little ammonia is dropped. Scrub both sides of the seat, rinse, and dry the chair in the air.

Leather chairs and the tops of writing-tables may be renovated by being sponged lightly with warm soapsuds, and then having rubbed on them the white of an egg whipped stiff. Or, if this seems like wasting the egg, rub over the leather a mixture of half a cup of sweet oil to a cupful of vinegar boiled together, and polish with a piece of old flannel.

DETAILS OF FASHION.

TELEGRAPH TALK OF THE MODES.

Fringe trims many of the newest silk shirts.

Bronze shoes are worn with white as well as tan-hued gowns.

Suede buttons rimmed in metal are very effective on tailor-made suits.

Onion is the name that has been given to the latest modish golden-brown tint.

Smocking, gauging, and cording are observable on the smartest sunshades.

Dark green and deep purple roses are conspicuous in hat trimmings this season.

Broad-brimmed hats formed of flowers are much fancied in Paris, where hats fashioned of fruit combined with foliage are also seen.

Newer than buttons or bows for dress garniture are tiny circles of satin or velvet. In rose-tinted velvet these wreaths suggest wee roses.

Sailor hats are appearing this season in parrot green, heliotrope, red, and dark porcelain blue, trimmed with button roses to match.

A WELCOME REVIVAL.

Spanish lace is promised a revival. The best old Spanish lace is a deep cream colour, and this over snow white satin is particularly lovely, as the contrast in the different whites brings out the tone of the lace.

A pretty way to utilise antique Spanish lace is to make it up in the form of a scarf, an old-fashioned trifle to urrow over the shoulders. A parasol cover is another manner in which to use a lovely circular piece; or, if scarves are available, mount upon the sunshade handles.

The revival of Spanish lace is a perfect boon to the woman who owns a treasure-box, for here she has, among her heirlooms, the material for the handsomest trifles of the season. Spanish lace, whether cream or black, looks lovely over pale green peau de soie, as well as over white and cream.



Two very smart motor-car coats are illustrated above. The one on the left is made of sand-coloured cloth, with linings of toiled blue and gold leather upon the collar and cuffs; and the other is called the "coaster" coat, because of the rows of "pearlies" that adorn it.

place it at the side of the fire for ten minutes, then pour a few cupsful of coffee backwards and forwards. This is to clear it. Then strain the coffee and let it stand for ten minutes for the coffee grounds to settle. Then strain the coffee through a piece of fine muslin, add to it the sugar, milk, and cream, or if more convenient use all milk. Place the jug containing the coffee in ice for from four to six hours. Just before serving add two or three lumps of ice to the coffee.

CLARET CUP.

INGREDIENTS:—One bottle of claret, two bottles of soda water, two glasses of sherry, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, one lemon, three strawberries, a sprig or two of borage, two or three inches of cucumber, half a pound of ice.

Slice the lemon and remove the pips, also cut the cucumber into thin slices without peeling it. Put all the ingredients into a large glass jug and let them stand one hour. Remove the cucumber, borage, and lemon, and the claret cup is ready.

"LEMON DASH."

INGREDIENTS:—Equal quantities of ale and bottled lemonade, a few pieces of ice.

Half fill a tumbler with ale, add the ice, and fill the glass up with lemonade. This is a particularly acceptable beverage to cyclists, for, being slightly sharp, it is all the more thirst quenching.

with a clean flannel and a little linseed oil before using any liquid or cream polish.

If a table bears the tell-tale mark of a hot plate rub it well with lamp oil and flannel, finishing it off with a clean cloth slightly wet with spirits of wine. Another way of restoring the polish that has been removed by a warm dish is to use linseed oil, rubbing it on with a piece of linen, and changing the linen until the top of the table is perfectly dry. White spots are remembered by being rubbed with a piece of flannel and turpentine, repeating the application if necessary, and in any case rubbing with a good will until patience and strength are exhausted.

To Remove Finger Marks.

Unwisely finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when it is rubbed with sweet oil, and from oiled wood if kerosene is rubbed on the spots. A bruise on the wood should be treated with a piece of brown paper folded several times and soaked in hot water. Over this hold a moderately warm iron until all steaming ceases, and if necessary repeat the process, remembering that one application is not always successful. Always apply alcohol sparingly upon furniture, if at all, or it will destroy the polish.

Clean all furniture that is carved every week by thoroughly dusting it with a new paint-brush, and if a mahogany table shows stains drop on them a mixture of six parts of spirits of salts and one of salts of lemon, or a few drops of oxalic acid and water, rubbing until the stain disappears; finally

CALL !! IT COMES.

Every first-class hotel and restaurant has **Grape-Nuts** in the kitchen for guests who **WILL HAVE IT.**

It is sometimes left off the menu, for it costs something, and the proprietor had rather serve some less known food that is given to him free for the privilege of being named on the menu.

However, if one likes **Grape-Nuts** predigested food and values the feeling of strong, vigorous life that comes with its use, call and it comes.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custard—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes—The unfailing resource of every successful hostess.

Rich in Nutrient—Delicate in Flavour.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

POET LAUREATE AS PLAYWRIGHT.

New Plays by Mr. Austin and Mr. Max Pemberton—Another Revival.

One cannot help thinking that Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, did just the right thing when he sent "A Lesson in Harmony" to Mr. Bouchier, without any flourish of trumpets, but just as a little exercise in dialogue that might take its chance on its own merits, and possibly fail without causing the pens of the satirists to be dipped in gall.

Taken as a serious contribution to dramatic literature from an official genius, "A Lesson in Harmony" would probably have lost all chance of being appreciated for the humble but charming little trifle that it is.

As the result proves it is not at all a bad little piece of work. Were it still anonymous, one would probably say that its author was a "very promising young man."

It is like a thousand other little pieces of its kind, the history of a little matrimonial difference—"a rift within the lute." We are introduced to the romantic young wife (Miss Jessie Bateman) of a City man (Mr. Domville).

Being poetically inclined, her husband's white

waistcoats and financial conversation bore her. Thus "discord on the music fell."

To her, in a rose garden, there enters a friend of the husband's. The friend, being middle-aged and sensible—being, in fact, no other than Mr. Bouchier—treats her to a straight talk. For purposes of friendship, indeed, he even pretends to make love to her.

Their tête-à-tête is, however, interrupted by a telegram. The friend opens it. It contains the news that the husband has just made £10,000 out of a successful deal in the City.

Every household that has distressed her worthy lord and master, and promises to be a good wife to him for ever.

At this instant the husband himself happens, thanks to Mr. Austin's ingenuity, to appear, and the lady's good resolutions are put to the test, with all success. Whereby one gathers that a judicious use of the note of adversity is Mr. Alfred Austin's "Lesson in Harmony."

"THE LIARS" REVIVED.

In one of the most disastrous theatrical seasons that London has known for a good while, Sir

Charles Wyndham was obviously wise in following "David Garrick" with yet another revival. This time his decision fell upon what still remains Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's real last word—"The Liars."

Several old comrades in the "most naughty practice of lying" were there, Miss Sarah Brooke rejoining the company for the production. With her were Miss Cynthia Brooke and Mr. Sam Soblen, while a notable new member of the cast is Mr. Dennis Eadie.

"THE FINISHING SCHOOL."

Mr. Max Pemberton's Play at Wyndham's Theatre.

Full of charm and of buoyancy and of prettiness, as it is, one may predict a sure success for "The Finishing School," with which Mr. Max Pemberton enters the lists of London dramatists for the first time—so far, that is to say, as a full-fledged four-act comedy is concerned.

"Adventure at any price" for its obvious motto. "The Finishing School" shows us a pair of lovers caught by an irate guardian in the very act of being married at Gretna Green.

The bride and bridegroom, whose happiness is thus suddenly averted, are Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. Ben Webster. The irate guardian is Mr. Barnes.

There is also a friend and rejected lover of the bride's, who had previously come to Gretna to arrange the little affair. It was most obliging of

him. He also figures largely in the rest of the play, and he is to be recognised in the person of Mr. Frank Cooper.

The irate guardian, true to tradition, sends his daughter, in a fury, to a "finishing school," where she dutifully goes.

There is to be a ball at the neighbouring Barracks. Murray Vane, the Gretna bridegroom, is to be there. Dorothy Melville, the Gretna bride, her courage quenched by a year's "finishing," naturally wants to be there too. How to do it is the question.

Sure enough, in walks the faithful friend, who had acted as master of the ceremonies at Gretna, with a young cousin, Monsieur Maurice Vernon, from Paris.

Why the friend really turns up is not vouchsafed. But that does not matter. It is sufficient that the opportunity of going to the ball disguised as Monsieur Vernon, of Paris, is offered, and that the appearance of Miss Annie Hughes in silk breeches and a sword can be recorded in the annals of the London stage.

Her appearance at the ball is the occasion for all sorts of excitements. The ladies all fall in love with "Monsieur Vernon, of Paris." The gentlemen challenge him to duels. Even the irate guardian drinks port with him. At midnight he disappears.

Everything, of course, in the way of acting depends upon Miss Annie Hughes's exploit as "Monsieur Vernon, of Paris." She makes a quite delightful little Frenchman—not overdone, not "swashing," and yet not aggressively modest.

The whole act is a piece of delicate gaiety on her part, and one that will give much pleasure that at no single moment of the play does Mr. Max Pemberton show any tendency to bad taste.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XV. (continued.)

Amy Blandford soon recovered from her fainting attack. She made profuse apologies to Beatrix, and admitted that she had suffered under a fearful headache all day, and was feeling overtired. "I've been working too hard at my music, I suppose," she confessed with a sigh, her pretty face looking strained and white, her eyes strangely large and tearful; "will you ever forgive me for being so foolish?"

"As if you could help it," said Beatrix, sympathetically. "Are you sure that you are feeling all right now?" The two women were sitting in the back drawing-room, where Mrs. Blandford had been resting in a large armchair ever since she had regained consciousness, and now that the ladies had come up from the drawing-room Beatrix had rushed in to inquire how she felt.

Miss Chevenix was oddly attracted by the pretty nervous-looking woman who had so suddenly acquired a footing in the most exclusive set in London. She admired Mrs. Blandford's playing immensely, and she had a curious sort of feeling that her new friend had a history. Short as their acquaintance was, she had noticed the quick, nervous look round that Mrs. Blandford always gave on entering a crowded room or any public building. Was she expecting to meet some one who never came, or afraid of the ghost conjured up by her own fancy?

It was impossible to say. All that the world knew about the young widow consisted of the few bald facts that she was extremely pretty, certainly well off, and a marvellous musician. Her husband had died abroad, and she said she had hardly any relations living, and society, in accepting her, had accepted her story.

Her unexpected fainting attack this evening now threatened to interfere with a plan that Beatrix Chevenix had formed, and the girl felt annoyed at the overthrow of her plans. She had made up her mind to bring conversation to the winds, and to attend the big meeting at West Hambleton next evening, there to hear John Heron's speech, and for this she needed a companion on her expedition, and had decided that Amy Blandford would be the best person to take with her.

Mrs. Blandford was not quite of her world, and for this reason would not have the chance of chatting after her to her mutual friends. Now, however, the girl felt it would be difficult to ask Mrs. Blandford to do anything during the next two or three days that might cause her undue fatigue, and yet the latter was the only woman in London in whom she cared to confide the secret of her proposed expedition.

She looked like a woman who had suffered at some time in her life, and so could appreciate suffering. Once, at least, unless Beatrix was wholly mistaken, this woman had come upon tragedy face to face.

"I'm quite strong, really," Mrs. Blandford went on, after a brief pause, "except that I faint so easily. Now, do you say that you forgive me?" She kept on repeating and murmuring out apologies, but Beatrix hardly noticed the silly words; she rather watched the pathetic droop of the almost childish under-lip, the frightened, appealing look in the blue eyes. "I had hoped," she said slowly, bending her eyes on the soft carpet, "that you would have been able to come to rather an interesting meeting

that is going to be held at West Hambleton to-morrow evening. Mr. Heron, the man I was engaged to, you know," she took the bull by the horns, "is coming, and the contesting the other party, and several good speakers will air their views. You told me once you would like to see something of the sort, but I don't suppose you would feel up to it now?"

"I should love it; just love it," a little flush of excitement kindled the pale cheeks, and the girl offered to leave eagerly forward. "To go about with Miss Chevenix as her friend, her intimate friend, would help her most surely up the ladder of her social ambitions. It was not an opportunity to be lost."

"Won't you dine with me?" cooed Mrs. Blandford. "I will order dinner at any hour you like. She looked at Beatrix anxiously. "You have never seen my little flat," she went on, "for I have unlikely been out whenever you have called."

Beatrix smiled to herself; she had only left her card at the flat in Chelsea, for she never visited personally, except in the case of very intimate friends or great political hostesses on whom it behoved her father's daughter to drop diplomatically, but she accepted the invitation to dine. "I will come, I am sure, to-morrow," she said. As Amy Blandford spoke the sound of masculine voices floated in from the other room; the men had come upstairs and had joined the ladies. Beatrix rose to her feet, for it was her part to be in the other room, and she was always faithful to her duties.

"I will slip quietly out in a moment or two," murmured Mrs. Blandford, pressing the girl's hand warmly, "make my excuses to your father and aunts, and tell them, please, that I feel quite well now." As she spoke the curtains parted and swayed to one side, and both women started a little as Julian Grimwood entered. Beatrix suddenly realised a possible reason for Mrs. Blandford's fainting attack. She and Julian Grimwood might have been coming to the same meeting, and she recalled how eager the woman had been to meet him, she scented a possible love story, and passed out smiling, noticing that the two were staring hard at each other, almost oblivious of her presence.

As soon as Beatrix Chevenix had moved out of the room, Julian Grimwood drew a chair forward and sat down. He gazed at Amy for a moment or two; she had turned deeply pale again, and was leaning back in her chair.

"You feel ill?" He spoke with a curious gentleness—a delicate sympathy. He honestly believed that his presence had agitated the pretty pale woman, and that he was responsible for her fainting fit. He argued to himself that he had behaved like a brute in flirting as he had done and then riding away; and he felt as a man feels who has broken a delicate china vase through rough or careless handling.

"She smiled her head and forced a smile to her white, trembling lips."

"I am better now, much better," she murmured. But her ghastly pallor gave the lie to the words. He caught up the fan lying across her knees and began to fan her, whilst she looked at him gratefully, and drew a long breath.

"The singing the other room began to sing. The curious tune had an odd and pathetic refrain, and sounded almost like a woman sobbing. The words were quaint and sad. Kipling had put them into the mouth of a Hindoo widow, though they might have stood for the cry of many a woman besides: "My drink is sorrow, and my wine is tears; Come back to me, beloved, or I die."

The singing voice floated sadly to the man and woman sitting in the darkened room, and awoke memories in each heart.

"Come back to me, beloved, or I die." Mrs. Blandford repeated the words softly, half under her breath; but low as she muttered them, Julian Grimwood heard her. He rose from his seat and moved closer to her side, standing up erect, gazing at her white beauty, intoxicated both by the woman and by the words of the song.

CHAPTER XVI. From West to East.

"Do you mean what you say?" Colonel Grimwood fixed his eyes on her face as he asked the question, and noticed the flush of colour that flamed the white cheeks, noticed with a little prick at the heart.

"Don't understand you," she answered quickly, "or quite what you mean. I merely quoted the words of the song because they are pretty and sad. Surely you could not think I meant anything else?"

"Never mind what I thought," he answered hurriedly, "I am always saying and doing the wrong thing, but before we part to-night, Amy, I have dropped into his old way of addressing her by her Christian name—"I want you to tell me the honest truth—were you disappointed at my not calling, was our friendship more to you than a mere steamship flirtation; speak the truth, little woman?"

"I have forgotten all about our friendship," she answered after a second's hesitation. "I don't think you treated me very well, but it doesn't matter. As one walks more forward into life," she went on, slowly, "one cannot help seeing how things that seemed hard at the time were really necessary to the whole scheme of things. You have saved me more than one heartache, I expect, for when other men have tried to beguile me as you did I just remembered—and laughed at them."

The man glanced at her with quickened interest, certainly Amy Blandford had developed since they had last met. Then she had been merely pretty and foolish, foolish enough to show him how much she cared for him; now she looked as if she could say "no" to him, to his advances, and hold her own, and understand him well, too.

"Perhaps I deserve that last speech," he answered quietly; "and yet I don't know. Why should I ever have fancied you liked me in that way? I'm years older than you are; there's nothing particularly attractive about me."

"I will tell you," she interrupted sharply, "now that you are more to me than a perfect stranger." Here she caught her breath, then went on hurriedly, "I loved you—why I did so I cannot explain to myself—for I am a pretty woman," she smoothed out a fold of her dress with a faint self-conscious smile, "and there were others, but I loved you." She looked at Julian Grimwood dreamily, but the man felt that she was gazing at the man who had been, not at the man who was, and he became strangely jealous of his former self.

"I suppose," she went on, slowly, "no woman on earth can really explain to herself or to anyone else why she loves one individual above all the others. I am sure you have never loved me, you are unhappy you never for one moment guessed or suspected; but you changed the world for me. It was wrong of me to love you, but I didn't care, for you see I just had to," her voice grew retrospective, then bitter, "and you cheated me; you did, you did; cheated me out of my love. We played together, the woman who loves you, and I started going; but your counters were worthless. I might have realised at the time that they didn't ring true, only I was too absorbed in the game." She panted a little, then went on in softer tones, "I know you are quite an ordinary everyday man. I knew it at the time; but so you all are except him, so many as Amy Blandford did at that particular moment. She was looking extremely pretty, but it was something more than mere prettiness that attracted him. He realised from a

certain look in her eyes and tone in her voice that she had loved him better than he had ever been loved in all his dusty, travel-stained life. Flirtation in plenty, but no genuine, no serious, no true love, but these had been, passions that had absorbed all these had but been tawdry second-hand episodes. Yes, all except this one. He knew love when he saw it, and it was offered him now—at least, he thought so.

"Let us take up the game—take it up just where we left it off," she said softly. "You will let me call to-morrow?" She shook her head, and her face contracted for an instant, and then she rose, her satin draperies making a rich rustle of sound. She glanced round a little helplessly, then looked relieved as her eyes fell on the door.

"Ah, I can go as early this way," she murmured, the shiver that shook her frame. "Will you see me to-morrow?" she asked one of the footmen to call me a hansom? My carriage won't be round here till ten, I expect." She was trying her best to treat him as a mere acquaintance, to get away from the past altogether now she had made that wild confession; and he respected her as I might her pluck. "Won't you let me see you to-morrow, please, as he opened the door for her to pass out, asked a distinct thrill of emotion as her dress brushed against his knees, and a sudden longing to kiss her as he had kissed her in the past."

She quivered all over, and he noticed, with deep compunction, the shiver that shook her frame. Had he hurt her as badly as all this? He cursed himself and the whole race of men and their crass brutality with women.

"Amy, dear little woman," he whispered, trying to take her hand, "don't go on being offended with me, and make our lives miserable. I didn't understand you years ago, as I understand you now. I thought you charmingly pretty, and a dear little flirt, but nothing more. Now I look on you as a new light, look on you as the one woman who has done me the honour to really love me; let me see you home, see you again and again?" He had a very musical, dangerous voice, at least, women called it dangerous out in Simla, and he used it to the best advantage now, but Amy Blandford stopped her ears against it as against the voice of the tempter.

"Years ago," she muttered hoarsely, "everything was different, everything was right, but now! Oh, let me alone," she cried, with a sudden touch of passion, and, pulling her hand away from his retaining pressure; "you are hurting me beyond all bearing. I wish I had never seen you to-night, and I hope we shall never meet again." She moved away as she spoke and hurried down the wide staircase. He followed in a leisurely way, but she found him waiting in the hall when she emerged from the small boudoir where the ladies had left their wraps.

The solemn butler and the two attendant footmen prevented more than a conventional handshake, and found her going to her room. Julian Grimwood noticed how her fingers shook, and how cold the hand felt through her glove, and then, as the servants advanced to the door:—

"You look like a woman of snow," he muttered half under his breath, and gazing at her with fierce admiration; and his smile was not incorrect. She wore a heavy cloak of ermine, and a lace arrangement, thrown carelessly over her head, shrouded her golden hair. Her face was perfectly bloodless, but her eyes glittered as stars on a frosty night.

"I feel like one," she replied calmly. "Ah, I see they have got me a hansom." She gave him a light part nod, but he did not let his dismissal, and followed her out, helping her into the cab.

She gave the Chelsea address, the cabman flicked his whip, and the tired horse started forward, but as soon as the driver had turned the corner Amy Blandford lifted up the little trapdoor and gave the man another address.

John Graham looked at himself, for the woman who gave it had been dining with the Premier of England. He turned the hansom to the East. (To be continued to-morrow.)

L.S.D. OF THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE.

The Vast Sum of a Quarter of a Million Sterling is Spent on a Contest for a £50 Trophy.

A rough estimate puts the expenses of to-day's Motor Derby down at £250,000.

This is the sum which will have been spent before many hours have elapsed to win a trophy, the intrinsic value of which cannot be more than £50.

Seeing that there are only nineteen cars running one naturally wonders how this figure is arrived at. But a racing car is a valuable asset.

The Napier Company, for instance, value their 1901 "fliers" at £3,000 each. The Wolseley people are more moderate, giving the figure as £2,000, while the Mercedes cars, one of which vehicles carried off the trophy last year, are valued at £2,500 apiece.

But the cost of the car does not by any means represent the major outlay of the expense to the competing firm. In almost every instance the companies who are competing have built more than one vehicle.

The Napier Company has erected no less than six racing monsters, although only one—that driven by Mr. S. F. Edge—is being used.

Valuing these cars at £3,000 apiece, we have no less than £18,000, to which we have to add trial costs, drivers' fees, petrol, repairs, carriage from one place to another, etc.

In a word, the Napier Company have spent something like £25,000, while the other English competing firm, the Wolseley, have spent quite as much.

Two of their cars are competing, the 90 horse-power car driven by Jarrott being the second highest horse-power vehicle in the contest.

MERCEDES SPEND £50,000.

Naturally, the Mercedes Company, whose car won the cup last year, have strained every effort to put upon the course a superior racer to the one they sent across to Ireland in the summer of 1903.

They are represented in to-day's race by no fewer than four cars, all of 90 horse-power. The company are said to have erected some eight of these racing monsters. They have meant a total outlay to the firm of £50,000.

Six other well-known makers are also contributing cars in the great race, and although it is difficult to say what each individual firm has spent, it is generally agreed that to get a car in to-day's race means at least an expenditure of £10,000.

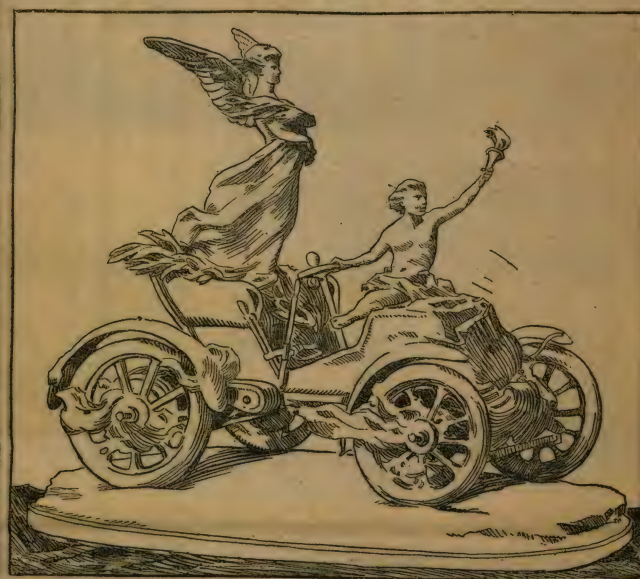
The various makers are estimated to have spent between them a sum of £160,000 in turning out cars, accessories, etc., for the present race.

It will be seen from the above that a racing car

somely for his services, though it must be admitted that he risks life and limb in the undertaking.

Many of the big firms are paying their drivers a sum of £2,000 for the day's work, with the promise of an additional sum should they succeed in steering the car to victory.

M. Jenatz, last year's winner, has been offered, so it is stated, £3,000 if he repeats the performance.



THE GORDON-BENNETT TROPHY.

Not only are the builders of the car prepared to act handsomely towards a winner, but the makers of the tyres also do not forget the driver. In to-day's race there are nineteen drivers, and

ordered, which means that an additional £200 may be spent upon the car before it is dispatched to the racetrack.

As a rule drivers like to have their car on the course two or three weeks before the day of the race. Each driver is then invariably accompanied by two first-class mechanics, who not only bring spare sets of tyres, but duplicate parts of the entire machine.

Indeed, the accessories of a single machine would run into several hundreds of pounds. A set of racing tyres are valued at £80, and as more than one set are carried, as well as innumerable other valuable parts, one forms some idea of the accessory and spare-parts bill in a Motor Derby race.

On the day of the race the driver's two mechanics are reinforced by an army of twenty to thirty more men, each one of whom is an expert in repairing machines. These men are stationed all along the route in case their services are needed. They

know their car by its colour, and should it break down they dart out from their posts and, with lightning rapidity, effect any repair that may be required.

This precaution, of course, is taken to save time, as seconds even are important in a race of this description. Some of the makers have no fewer than sixty mechanics stationed along the route. These men receive special pay, from £1 to £2 a day, in addition to their railway fares, while they are also provided with free hotel accommodation.

The army of mechanics in to-day's race number probably 300 men. Some of them have been brought many hundreds of miles. Their wages, fares, hotel accommodation for two days cannot amount to less than £4 apiece, or a total bill of £1,200.

So much for the cars, their drivers, and attendants: but since on the day of the race the course must be safe for a speed of upwards of eighty miles an hour, or at least as safe as the attainment of that speed can be, a vast amount of preparation is necessary.

3,000 SOLDIERS.

To-day's course will be guarded and kept clear by 3,000 soldiers. They were specially brought to Saalburg last night, and will not return to their barracks till this evening. Their conveyance to the scene of operations, feeding them, etc., has run away with another £1,500.

During the last fortnight, too, scores of workmen have been busy upon the course. Awkward corners have been considerably straightened, while narrow places have been widened, and the whole course rolled.

At every corner the trees have been painted white for some distance before the bend is reached—on the left if the turn is to the left, and on the right if the corner is in that direction—and where no trees exist posts have been planted specially. This work, which has been carried out by the officials of the promoting club, has cost £1,700.

At Saalburg, the starting and finishing point of the race, a number of grand stands have been erected on both sides of the road. A subterranean passage has been made connecting the stands so that visitors can cross from one side to the other without getting on the course. This tunnel and the stands have demanded an outlay of £8,500. The largest stand has seating capacity for 1,500 persons and standing room for another 300.

KAISER'S PAVILION.

It is at this point where a private pavilion has been erected at the cost of £2,500 for the use of the German Emperor and his suite. It contains a number of private boxes, as well as a spacious dining-room. Just behind the pavilion is a large field, which has been enclosed, and where the twenty-two motor-cars for the use of the Kaiser,

the Empress, and other royalties and their suites will be stabled.

Within easy distance of the big stands at Saalburg, a large circular enclosure, six miles in circumference, has been fenced in with 200,000 yards of barbed wire. This space is reserved for spectators, who can obtain permission on procuring a ticket, the cost of which is 20s.

A special Press bureau has been run up, as well as a wireless telegraph station. The Post Office officials have also erected a special telegraph office, where twenty expert telegraphists will deal with the mass of telegrams that will be landed in during the day.

One of the members of the Automobile Club of Great Britain has hit upon an ingenious method of reporting the race. He will illustrate for the benefit of other members who cannot go to Homburg the race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup as it progresses.

A screen will be marked out with a diagram, the lines of which will each represent five minutes, and on the diagram the positions of the different cars representing the seven countries competing in the race will be shown. It will be easy to identify the cars by their distinguishing colours and numbers, and only slight calculations will be necessary to acquaint one with the position of the race.

500,000 VISITORS.

Temporary luncheon-bars, huge wooden sheds for storing cars, spare parts, petrol, etc., dot the course.

For days past the German hotels in the neighbourhood have been busy preparing for the influx of visitors which the race will undoubtedly draw. Tourist agents here have been busy for several days past, and their bookings clearly show that this year's Motor Derby will be well attended. Latest telegrams from Germany state that the race is expected to be witnessed by over 500,000 persons.

What such a vast army will spend in getting to and from the course it is impossible to tell. Hundreds of tons of eatables have been got ready for their consumption.

If we add the cost of these preparations to the cars, drivers' fees, transportation charges for both machines and mechanics, sleeping and hotel accommodation, the cost of policing the track, the amount spent by visitors, etc., we shall find that this year's Motor Derby has involved an outlay of over £250,000.

BAKING WATCHES.

Severe Trials of Chronometers at Greenwich Observatory.

To bake a chronometer sounds as mad as to wash a watch in a tub of freezing water.

But both these processes, as was explained to the Astronomer Royal's guests at his At Home at Greenwich Observatory are tests to which these instruments are subjected when they are sent to Greenwich for trial.

For a month they are baked in an oven kept heated to well over 100 degrees. They are then suddenly plunged into a temperature near to freezing point. Having been frozen for another month they are put back again into the oven.

The testing takes twenty-nine days in all, and if the instruments have neither melted from the heat nor been upset by the cold they are allowed to pass.

The fact that last year out of sixty-eight sent in twenty-six were rejected for a variation of twelve seconds from one week to another, bears witness to the strictness of the test.

An object of interest shown to the guests was the first chronometer made—in 1761—which brought its inventor a reward of £20,000, and is still in good working order.

"GOBS" AND "DIBS."

Youthful Peers and Slum Urchins Play Similar Games.

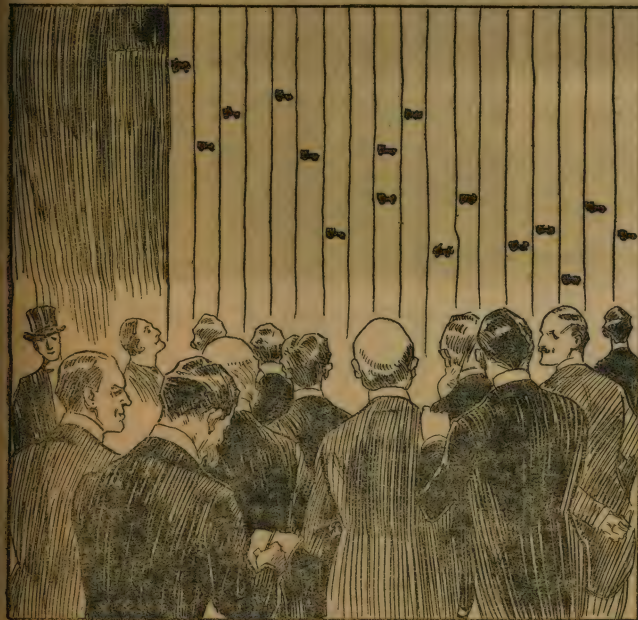
Known as "Gobs" in the East End, the children's game with knucklebones has, under the name of "Dibs," become popular among youthful members of the aristocracy.

It is the favourite game, into the mysteries of which each new-comer is early initiated at Cheam School, near Sutton. Here the game is played with the small bones which come from a leg of mutton, and must be as nearly as possible of uniform size.

Beginning with three dibs, as the player's skill increases, he plays with four, five, six, and finally seven, when his proficiency is so great that almost any feat can be performed with the seven dibs in one hand.

As in the East End, Dibs Clubs are formed at Cheam, and regular tournaments take place from time to time. For all spare moments, along the airy, wide corridors and in form and playrooms is to be heard the rattle of bones, which tells that a future peer is amusing himself in just the same way as the bare-footed, ragged urchin in the slums of London.

"Old Clo' Sunday" takes place at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, next Sunday, when every member of the congregation brings something towards clothing the outcast in the labour homes of the Church Army.



How members of the Automobile Club will watch the progress of the Gordon-Bennett race.

is an expensive production. To its great cost we have to add drivers' fees.

In the race under notice there are several cars which will be driven by their owners who, of course, receive no fees. As a rule, however, an expert driver in the Motor Derby is paid hand-

their day's wages will probably total £12,000 or even £15,000.

The building of a car and the engaging of a driver does not by any means exhaust the maker's little bill. The great vehicle has to be thoroughly tested. New parts and new tyres have often to be

JAPAN'S HEROES.

Thrilling Stories of Fearless Osaka Soldiers.

"TO CERTAIN DEATH."

In a letter from Tokio the "Times" correspondent describes the way in which the officers and men of the Japanese transport Kinshin Maru met their deaths in the Sea of Japan on April 25.

The Russian Vladivostok squadron had come suddenly upon the transport, and an order was sent that all on board the Kinshin Maru who failed to surrender within an hour would be sunk. The writer proceeds:—

"Immediately on the expiration of the hour the Russians fired a fish torpedo, which struck the transport nearly amidships. At this the officers passed word for the men to fall in on deck, which was done calmly and in good order. The captain in command of the company then told the men that they must consider themselves as no longer under his orders. He and his four brother officers had formed their resolve, and they left the men to act independently. It was perfectly well understood what this signified. No Japanese could be in any doubt about the officers' intention. As they went below all knew that they went to die. No one seems to have spoken of surrender.

"The division to which this company belonged had a record to amend. Thirty years previously a battalion of the division had fallen into a panic when fighting against the Formosan savages, and ever since that time a tradition had existed in the Japanese Army that the men of Osaka did not know how to fight.

THEY KNEW HOW TO DIE.

"A time had now come when they could at least show that they knew how to die. Every man had his rifle in hand, and, standing on the deck of the sinking ship, they opened fire on the Russians. It was a fierce fusillade, every soldier loading and discharging as quickly as was consistent with deadly purpose.

"The Russians replied with machine guns, and at a distance of 200 metres the three-pounders and one-pounders tore lanes through the ranks of the Japanese. Then followed another torpedo. Its explosion cut the steamer in two, and as the water washed knee-deep over her decks, a ringing cheer of "Banzai!" went up from the soldiers. The sergeant-major killed himself after the traditional Samurai fashion, and several of the men followed his example, some using their rifles, some their bayonets.

"Seventy-four of the rank and file perished with the five officers who had committed suicide below."

"WATER WAS LITERALLY CRIMSON."

During the battle of Nanshan, after the first ineffectual attack on the hill, the Japanese scouts discovered that mines had been laid at the foot of the hill, and determined that they could only be located by the sacrifice of some men.

Hundreds volunteered to go to certain death, and they were placed at the head of the second advance. It was found, however, that the heavy rains had washed away the covering of earth and had exposed the mines, and the engineers cut the connecting wires rendering the mines useless without any loss. The volunteers were nearly all killed in the subsequent fruitless attack on the hill.

The Osaka men were on the right wing, and, advancing through the water along the shore, encountered the Russians, who were also in the water.

A hot fight ensued, both sides being waist deep. When the Russians finally retreated the water was literally crimson. Both sides lost heavily.—Reuter's Special Service.

BEASTS OF THE FIELD.

Park Royal Show Opens Next Week.

The total number of live stock entered for the second annual exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society at Park Royal is 1,984, and includes 365 horses, 867 cattle, 525 sheep, and 227 pigs. There are 603 entries of poultry and 544 entries of produce, consisting of butter, cheese, cider, corn, and hops, etc.

The exhibition is splendidly situated at Park Royal, near Mill Hill, and can be easily reached by trains running frequently from the Mansion House, Aldgate, Paddington, and Euston Stations.

The show will be opened next Tuesday, June 21. The large ring which has been laid out in the centre of the show is 680ft. long by 300ft. in breadth, with a fine gravelled driving track around its outer edge. Two large stands have been erected at the sides.

On Saturday afternoon, June 25, the Royal Horse Guards will come from Windsor, and among other things they will give an exhibition of the game of push-ball on horseback.

Butter-making, bee-driving, and horse-shoeing demonstrations will be some of the interesting daily features.

The French schooner *Moise* has been sunk in the Channel and four lives lost.

HALF-SOVEREIGN HOTEL.

Greenwich Guardians Set Up as Landlords.

Finding themselves in possession of a palatial workhouse for which they have no inmates, the Greenwich Board of Guardians are setting up as lodging-house keepers.

They are receiving as paying guests healthy old men and women at 10s. per week, with an extra charge for infirmity treatment.

Yesterday a *Mirror* representative paid a visit to the "Half-sovereign Hotel," as it is called, at Grove Park, Kent.

It is a handsome structure, surrounded by beautiful trees, and within easy distance of Shooter's Hill.

There is accommodation for 800, and at present there are only 300 Greenwich paupers in the place.

For 10s. a week the lodgers, who have been sent by boards of guardians from all parts of London, receive the best attention.

The food is of the highest quality, and the dining and living rooms comfortable and airy.

Yesterday the majority of the "guests" spent the day in the grounds, basking in the sun.

Although the accommodation offered at Grove Park is first-class, the guardians hope to be able to earn about 2s. per head on their charge of 10s.

NEW "SAYINGS OF JESUS."

Found On Waste Ground Near an Ancient Egyptian City.

"Jesus saith, there is nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest, nor buried which shall not be raised."

A literal application of this newly-discovered saying of Christ may be found in the story of its discovery.

With a number of other sayings, hitherto unknown, it had been inscribed on the back of the survey list of a plot of ground in the ancient Egyptian city of Oxyrhynchus.

The survey list was probably drawn up at least 1,700 years ago, and the writing of the sayings is of equal antiquity.

During the ages that have intervened this document lay in a rubbish heap on the site of the old city. It was covered with sand, but preserved from decay by the marvellous dryness of air and climate. Then came Messrs. Bernard Grenfell and Arthur Hunt, acting for the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The sand was carefully removed, and every scrap of the precious papyrus diligently sifted from it.

Among the many rolls of comparative unimportance that were found this one was nearly overlooked. At first sight it was merely an uninteresting survey list.

But in glancing over it one of the discoverers noticed near the end the words "Jesus saith," and knew at once that a find of great interest had been made.

These new sayings, together with a number discovered by the same gentlemen in 1897, are now published by the Egyptian Exploration Fund. A facsimile of a portion of one of the pages will be found on page 8.

The translation of it is as follows:— "These are the (wonderful?) words which Jesus the living (Lord) spake to . . . and Thomas; and He said unto (them): Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death."

A photograph of one of these interesting pages is to be found on page 9.

SAILING SHIPS IN FAVOUR.

Large "Wind-jammers" to Compete with Tramp Steamers.

Some years ago the tramp steamer came into vogue, and gradually the sailing vessel began to disappear from the British mercantile marine.

Recently, however, there has been a reaction in favour of large sailing ships, and several vessels between 3,000 and 4,500 tons have been built.

They have four masts, high bulwarks, and a bridge going fore and aft to connect the poop with the fo'c'sle head.

These vessels carry enormous quantities of cargo in their holds, and deliver it in much better condition than their rivals, the tramp steamers, do.

Their working expenses are very small, as they have wire rigging and work their heavy yards by steam from donkey-engines on deck.

The largest of these enormous sailing vessels is the *Preussen*, a five-masted ship-rigged iron vessel of 4,765 tons register, which hails from Hamburg.

Their speed is never much more than ten knots under most favourable circumstances, and they can stand all kinds of weather.

CHEAP FARES TO CANADA.

Following the action of other lines running to America, the Allan, Dominion, and Canadian Pacific lines announce that their third-class fares from Liverpool to Canada will be reduced to £2 10s. until further notice.

THERE is only one paper published which on Sunday morning can give ALL its readers ALL the Latest News. This is, of course, the

WEEKLY DISPATCH

Published simultaneously in London and Manchester. It may be interesting to know that in consequence of the last edition

119,645

persons throughout the United Kingdom were competitors in

WHAT'S WRONG,

which is a unique test of the ability of the readers.

3,182

swimmers showed their interest in the offer of the WEEKLY DISPATCH to pay the training expenses of a selected expert swimmer to attempt to

SWIM THE CHANNEL,

of which full particulars will be published ON SUNDAY with a host of Special Features, and all the News from

HOME & ABROAD

including the latest War Cables from the Theatre of War in the Far East. It is a penny everywhere. Order it to-day. The

WEEKLY DISPATCH

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